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ONE SHILLING.

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1. THE RUSSO-POLISH WAR: TYPES OF THE OPPOSING FORCES—TROOPS OF THE POSEN DIVISION OF THE POLISH ARMY EQUIPPED IN GERMAN STYLE.

Whether or not, by the time these lines appear, the Russo-Polish War may be still in progress, or an armistice may have been concluded, it is interesting to compare these two photographs showing types of men engaged on either side. Nothing can be deduced, of course, from them as to the relative fighting value, discipline, or equipment of the two armies. The Bolsheviks in the lower group

2. THE RUSSO-POLISH WAR: TYPES OF THE OPPOSING FORCES—A GROUP OF MEN OF THE BOLSHEVIST "RED" ARMY TAKEN PRISONERS BY THE POLES.

are prisoners, and prisoners generally present a more or less ragged appearance, with diversities of uniform. The upper photograph shows Polish troops well drilled and well equipped. The Allied Mission to Warsaw, illustrated on another page, found "the man-power of Poland satisfactory, both in quality and quantity, but the Army services poorly organised."—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERICOL.]



By G. K. CHESLERTON.

CERTAIN things have lately become very near and menacing which are generally treated as very remote and unreal. It is essential for England to understand Europe; in order to understand Europe it is essential to understand Poland; and in order to understand Poland it is essential to understand peasants. And yet when I have touched in this place on the importance of peasantry, or even on the importance of Poland, many have probably felt these things as very distant and different from ourselves. It is not merely a verbal jest to say that the English vaguely think of the Poles as if they lived at the Pole. They do really think of them as shadowy figures covered with frost and fur. They do really think of Poles as a sort of Russians, which is rather like thinking of Frenchmen as a sort of Germans. And as for peasants, we have commonly conceived them as living in a land even more remote than the Pole. They are supposed to live in Arcadia, not to say in Utopia. When I have praised the peasant, I have been conceived as idealising myself as a china shepherd, or possibly a china shepherdess. I am supposed to fancy myself as Strephon piping to Amaryllis, in a circle of dancing lambs. In short, people suppose it is some notion about ideal peasants; that there are such things as real peasants never seems to cross their minds.

Meanwhile, our public opinion, especially of the more popular sort, is in danger of making a horrible blunder—merely by not knowing that peasants exist. They are making the blunder on a matter of brute fact. Some of the Labour papers, when appealed to about the most self-evident rights of Poland, reply that "the workers of Poland" must decide. They simply do not know that the work of Poland is mostly done by peasants. When people talk of the workers, and mean at most the wage-earners, they have a notion in their minds which they think is universal and is really quite narrow. The reason we roughly call the Labour cause democratic is merely that such labourers are the majority. The reason I myself have generally defended the Labour cause as democratic is because they are the majority. It is not the popular side because proletarians are proletarian; it is popular in being the bulk of the population. It is not democracy because of their wage-earning, or even because of their working, but because most unfortunately, in modern industrialism, most men have to work for a wage. This seems a very simple fact; but it is entirely left out of all the Bolshevik books and papers I have ever seen or heard of.

Wage-earners, in this sense, are quite a small minority in Poland. Where wage-earners are a minority, they are exactly like wig-makers or watch-makers, or stockbrokers or statesmen or gold-sticks-in-waiting, or any other minority. They have no more democratic right to rule the State than Dukes or Doctors of Divinity, or any other small and arbitrarily selected group. But I

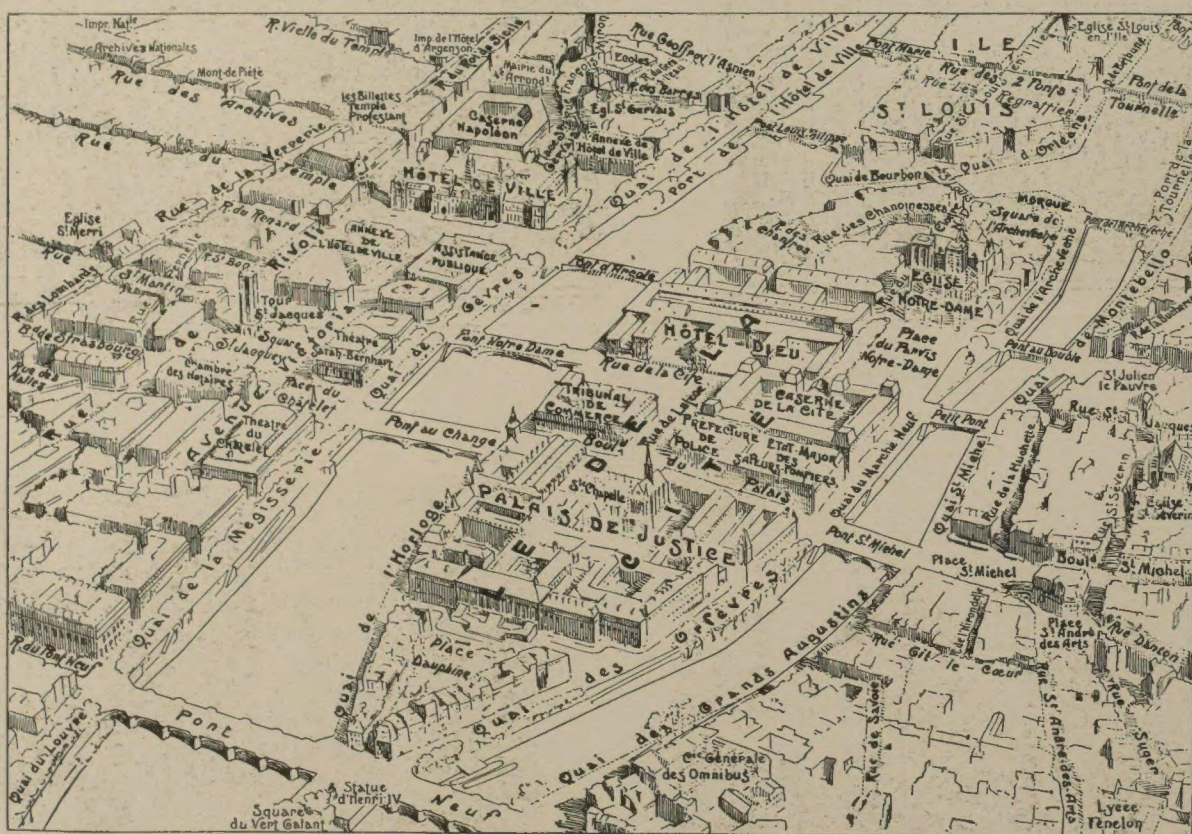
suppose that simple people living in so exquisitely select a society that their drawing-rooms were exclusively thronged by Dukes might get a sort of idea that all human companies consisted of crowds of Dukes, that all the people on a passing omnibus must be Dukes, that all the people in a tea-shop or a tube station were equally Dukes—in short, that Dukes were the majority everywhere. I suppose that people of rather innocent intellect, living in a land that simply swarmed with Doctors of Divinity (as in some ideal university and cathedral town, where a man was pointed out in the street if he was not a Doctor of Divinity), I suppose such people, on a hurried visit to London, might suppose that all dockers and dustmen, if the alliteration be pardoned, were necessarily D.D.'s. An industrial society is very like the exclusive society in that imaginary ducal drawing-room. An industrial town is very like that imaginary university town or cathedral town. Because wage-earners, or what these people prefer

great industrial cities desiring to deliver themselves from it. But if they attempt to deliver other people from it, they may get themselves and everybody else into an exceedingly dangerous mess by not discovering whether it is there at all, and whether people do or do not want to be delivered. There may be other slaves in other cities whom they have a right on their own principles to deliver. But if they try to deliver free men from their own fields they will make fools of themselves, either by putting the peasants under a new oppression they never had before, or possibly by actually making the peasants more powerful than they need be. If you burn down a poor man's house under the impression that you are breaking his prison, the probability is that he will go houseless, but the possibility is that he will beat you and take your house as well. Neither can be considered an improvement from the standpoint of the social reform you contemplate. If industrial liberators wish to free industrial slaves, it will be well if they

look first at the objects of their compassion, and discover whether they are slaves and whether they are industrial.

Now, this question is, as I have said, highly political and practical. It involves the whole question of getting our domestic politics to support our foreign policy. If our industrial democracy cannot be induced to see the need of supporting peasant democracy, or even to see that there is any such thing as peasant democracy, it really can hardly be blamed for backing up the Bolsheviks, and there is comparatively little chance of getting it to back up the Poles. Therefore it seems to me well worth while to have persistently repeated, not only the case for Poles as such,

but the case for peasants as such. And I wish that those who have denounced Bolshevism had dealt less in rather lame defences of the inequalities of property, and more in educating the people about the existing and potential equalities of property. If the ordinary intelligent artisan had been taught to realise anything whatever about how a peasantry lives, he would not willingly let a peasantry die, and certainly would not merely let it be murdered. If he had once understood that a Pole is a free man, he would come to understand that Poland must be a free nation. Naturally, he is not particularly moved, so long as he imagines that the choice is between revolution and reaction. He is not interested in the Pole so long as he has a vague idea that if they have land they must be a sort of landlords. It is futile for him to have a still vaguer idea that, if they are not millionaires, they must be mechanics, living in a mechanical modern town. Even if he must not consider the peasant possibilities of England, he must most emphatically consider the peasant possibilities of Poland, for to-day it is essential not only to the defence of Poland, but to the defence of England. It is a vital principle of the European people, which is just now of vital concern to the English people; and it ought to have been made clear to them long ago.



SHOWING NOTRE DAME, THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE, AND MANY OTHER FAMOUS BUILDINGS: A KEY TO THE AIR PHOTOGRAPH OF PARIS—L'ILE DE LA CITÉ—ON A DOUBLE-PAGE IN THIS NUMBER.

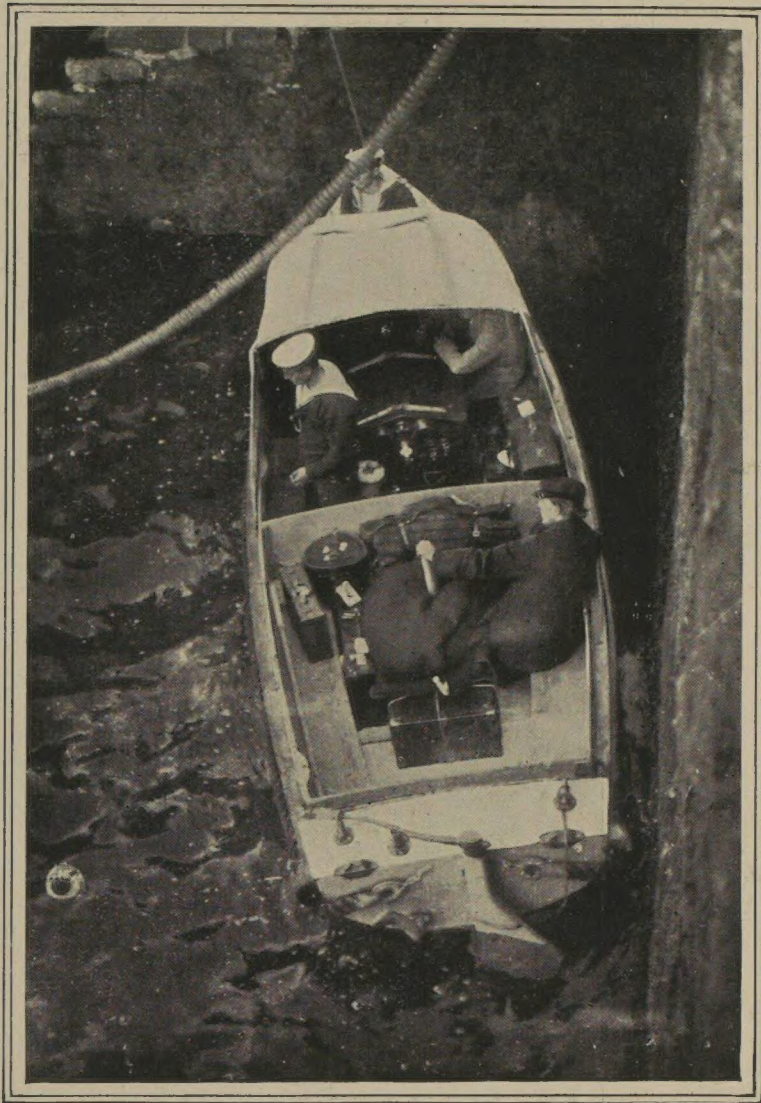
The Ile de la Cité represents the oldest Paris, which arose on the site of the Roman Lutetia, and contains two of its finest buildings—Notre Dame and the Sainte Chapelle, adjoining the Palais de Justice. Notre Dame was begun in 1163, on the site of the Temple of Jupiter. The island, in shape like a ship, is symbolised in the arms of Paris by a heraldic nef. Originally at the western end (in the foreground) were three islets as it were "in tow," but these were later incorporated into the main island where is now the Place Dauphine on ground reclaimed by filling up the dividing streams. (See Double Page in this Issue.)

to call proletarians, happen to be the majority in their stuffy and smoky little slum cities, they imagine that they are everywhere the majority of mankind. And these men are capable of trying, not merely to improve industrial conditions, but to impose industrial conditions. They are quite capable of extending the slums on the plea of enlarging the suburbs; of trying to extend the evil to those who do not suffer it, under cover of curing the evil for those who do. Soon they may be making a systematic and scientific attempt to make that local evil a universal evil, and then calling the evil good, on the plea that it need no longer be quite so bad. They will be in a literal sense reforming it, in the sense of refounding it. They will promise its reforms and introduce its abuses to people who have never suffered from either. In a word, these quacks will not only insist on all men taking their medicine, but on all men catching their malady—indeed, they will require all men to have the malady, that all men may take the medicine.

Now, I for one have always insisted, even violently, that there is a malady and that there ought to be a medicine. Industrial capitalism is a curse, and one of the worst which historic humanity has suffered. I fully understand the poor in the

FORBIDDEN TO LAND IN IRELAND: ARCHBISHOP MANNIX AT PENZANCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY I.B.



WITH HIS LUGGAGE IN THE STERN OF A DESTROYER'S PINNACE: ARCHBISHOP MANNIX BROUGHT ASHORE AT PENZANCE.



ASCENDING THE STEPS OF THE QUAY AT PENZANCE: ARCHBISHOP MANNIX (CARRYING HIS TOP HAT AND UMBRELLA.)



LANDED AT PENZANCE AFTER BEING TAKEN OFF THE "BALTIC" AT SEA IN A DESTROYER: ARCHBISHOP MANNIX ON THE QUAY.

Dr. Mannix, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Melbourne, who recently crossed the Atlantic in the liner "Baltic" from New York, was forbidden by the British Government to land in Ireland on account of the strong speeches he had made in favour of Sinn Fein. He was also forbidden to go to Liverpool, where an Irish deputation waited to greet him on the "Baltic's" arrival, or to Manchester or Glasgow, but otherwise he was free to go where he liked. The "Baltic" was met off the Irish coast by a convoy of destroyers, and the Archbishop, with his



IN LONDON: ARCHBISHOP MANNIX (RIGHT), WITH HIS SECRETARY, AT NAZARETH HOUSE, HAMMERSMITH.

secretary, was transferred to one of them, the "Wivern," about midnight on Sunday, August 8. The "Wivern" at first made for Fishguard, but on the way received orders to go to Penzance, where the Archbishop was landed in a pinnace on the afternoon of the 9th. In the evening he came up to London by train. At Penzance he said: "I have no fault whatever to find with anybody concerned with carrying out the orders of the British Government. The commander of the 'Wivern' showed the greatest possible courtesy."

THE CENTRE OF INTEREST REGARDING THE FATE OF POLAND: WARSAW AND SOME OF ITS MONUMENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY

DONALD McLEISH, C.N., AND I.B.



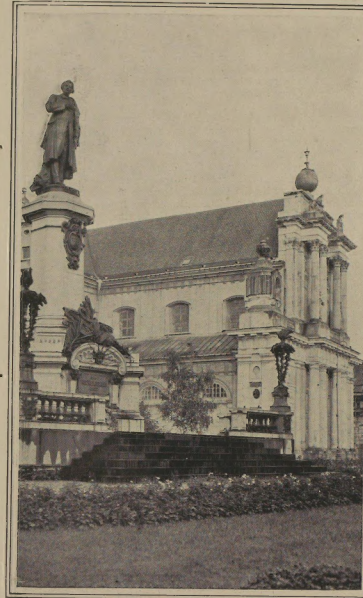
MUSIC IN THE LAND OF CHOPIN AND PADEREWSKI: THE OPERA HOUSE, WARSAW.



LEADING TO THE SUBURB OF PRAGA (IN THE BACKGROUND), THE SCENE OF SUVOROFF'S MASSACRES IN 1794: THE ALEXANDER BRIDGE.



BUILT BY SIGISMUND III., WHOSE MONUMENT IS SEEN ON THE RIGHT: THE PALACE.



POLAND'S GREAT ROMANTIC POET: THE MONUMENT TO ADAM MICKIEWICZ—AND THE CHURCH OF ST. JOSEPH.



THE CENTRE OF CIVIC LIFE IN THE CAPITAL OF POLAND: THE TOWN HALL AT WARSAW.



THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE POLISH GOVERNMENT: THE PALACE (RIGHT), AND THE MONUMENT OF SIGISMUND III. (LEFT).



THE MOST BEAUTIFUL IN WARSAW: THE CHURCH OF THE ARCHANGEL MICHAEL.



IN THE CITY TOWARDS WHICH THE EYES OF THE WORLD HAVE LATELY BEEN TURNED: WARSAW—ST. ALEXANDER'S SQUARE.



A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE COMMERCIAL LIFE OF WARSAW: A VIEW OF THE MARKET IN—THE POLISH CAPITAL.



A BUILDING MANY POLES WISHED TO DEMOLISH ON BEING FREED FROM RUSSIA: THE ALEXANDER NEVSKI CATHEDRAL.

Warsaw, on which the interest of Europe has been centred ever since the Bolshevik armies of Russia began to threaten it, is a city full of historic memories, many of them tragic. It is finely situated on the left bank of the Vistula, and on the right bank, connected by the Alexander Bridge, is the suburb of Praga, stormed in 1794 by the Russian General Suworoff, who carried out a great massacre there. That was, perhaps, Warsaw's most terrible year; but the city suffered much also in other wars both of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and again during the risings of 1831 and 1863. It was in 1609 that Warsaw superseded Cracow as the capital of Poland. It was captured by the Swedes in 1655 and 1656, and by the Russians in 1764 and 1794. In 1807 it became the capital of the Duchy of Warsaw, and in 1813 it passed entirely under Russian rule.

It was the scene of rioting and bloodshed during the Russian upheaval of 1905-6. When it was liberated from Russia, in 1918, as a result of the Great War, the Poles proceeded to remove many traces of Russian domination in the shape of statues and inscriptions, and even contemplated demolishing the huge Orthodox Cathedral, with its five gilded cupolas, which the Russians had built in 1894 on the Saxon Square, in the heart of the city. The Palace was built by Sigismund III., and the monument to him was erected by his son, Wladislaw IV., in 1644. John Sobieski embellished the Palace, but most of its art treasures were later removed to Petrograd and Moscow. Adam Mickiewicz, the Polish poet, whose monument stands in Warsaw, was born in 1798, and died in 1855 at Constantinople. He wrote the epic, "Konrad Wallenrod."



The Meaning of an Independent Poland.

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

THE presence of Poland in Europe, the meaning and value of an independent Poland, a sovereign state of the Poles, is a mixture of the political and geographical.

Geographically, Poland is the highly distinct and separate culture developed in the basin of the Vistula, standing inland, with but a narrow issue to the European seas upon the north, no issue to the European seas upon the south, and even by the narrow issue to the north debouching not upon the general seas of the world, but upon an enclosed sea. The political position of Poland is that of a special state separate from its neighbours, which acts as a sort of bastion of western civilisation in the east of Europe.

Now what is the value of these two statements? First, as to the Vistula basin. If you look at a map of Europe, you will find that nature has provided four main regions. There is, on the east, the vast unbroken territory which continues the Asiatic system and produced what was known till recently as the Russian Empire. On the west, you have the Atlantic region, which has been the product of the ocean. France has grown up under that influence, and so has this country; Norway and the Low Countries and the western coast of the Iberian peninsula enter the same category. Next, you have with a very different climate, very different opportunities, the seed-plot of all our civilisation, our origin, the Mediterranean basin, which comprises most of the Iberian peninsula, a small strip of France, all Italy, Greece and the Levant.

Lastly, you have the division which specially concerns us in the matter of Poland—Central Europe.

Now the characteristic of Central Europe is a system of four great rivers, three of them rising in the backbone of mountains which run from the Jura and Savoy to the Carpathians. These rivers, the general course of which runs from south to north, have acted throughout history each as the nucleus, each not necessarily of a state, but of a way of living. Each has been a great highway; each has had the power to spread outwards, eastward, and westward from its banks, and along its tributaries a social type of its own. All this is modified, of course, by a hundred accidents, but it remains true that the Rhine and the Elbe, and, to a lesser extent, the Oder and certainly the Vistula, as material causes have built up separate regions.

In this geographical scheme the Rhine and the Vistula stand out at once. The unity of the Rhine basin is marred by the weight of two strongly contrasted civilisations lying to the east and to the west of it. After an attempt to push to the Elbe, the Romans abandoned that effort and made the Rhine their boundary, and the political ambitions of the groups to the east and to the west of the river have divided its influence ever since. But it remains roughly true that the one or the other, at any one moment, dominates the valley as a whole. It is either, in the main, under French or under German influence, and it is the struggle to make it one or the other, the impossibility of making that stream an arbitrary line of division, which has characterised most of our recent western history.

With the Vistula it is otherwise. There you have a completely individual system. No one has ever tried to make the Vistula a boundary; and the quarrels or agreements of contrasting dominant civilisations to the east and to the west, German and Russian, Protestant and Orthodox, have not had the effect of absorbing or dominating the region of the Vistula, but only the unnatural and temporary effect of dislocating it. It is bad enough that the great highway of the Rhine, with its natural unity, should be subject to political disunion, but there is behind that

disunion a sort of historical necessity. In the case of the Vistula, there is no such necessity, and no such tradition. The dislocation of the natural unity of the Vistula basin can only be artificially produced (as it was produced by the crime of Frederick the Great in the first partition of Poland), and such a dislocation produces a highly unstable equilibrium throughout the whole of eastern Europe. For more than a century the desire on the part of the Prussian and Russian Empires—both predatory—to keep Poland divided has maintained eastern Europe in a sort of dangerous balance. There is no permanence in an arrangement of that kind; and therefore it is that Poland restored is essential to any permanent settlement of the east.

If this is the geographical argument in favour of what should be in all eyes clearly a political necessity to restore tranquillity to Europe as a whole, there are also geographical points opposed to the true solution; and the two chief geographical points thus opposed are, first, the absence of any natural boundaries (save a small strip of the Carpathians to the south) and secondly, the absence of general access to the sea.



THE GEOGRAPHICAL ASPECT OF THE POLISH PROBLEM: CENTRAL EUROPE AS THE REGION OF THE FOUR GREAT RIVERS, SHOWING POLAND AS THE ESPECIAL COUNTRY OF THE VISTULA REGION.

The whole mass of the Polish State depends for the transport of its commerce upon either the lengthy and expensive land transport eastward through the plain, or upon the narrow issue of the Vistula mouth and the port of Danzig. The Vistula has not good wharfage along its banks, its delta is difficult and shifting; even modern art has not made of Danzig a good port, and the exit is upon a land-locked sea commanded by other Powers. Therefore, from this geographical point of view, the statesman who would guarantee Poland must artificially confirm boundaries which nature has not set, and artificially expand and improve the only gate into Poland, the gate of Danzig.

So much for the geographical elements. On the political side, the position of an independent Poland is this: you have a nation so sharply differentiated from its neighbours by tradition, by its culture, by its great past, and especially by its religion that you cannot subject it to alien rule without producing an equilibrium so morally unstable as to be a certain cause of unceasing struggle.

The area of this sharply differentiated territory is not the area of a particular speech, still less the area of a peculiar physical type. The abused term "ethnographical Poland," which pre-supposes a race with sharp boundaries, does not apply. The test is religion. To the west, the Polish influence, the Polish ideas are coincident with the Catholic religion; the Prussian culture and the Prussian ideas are coincident with the Protestant religion. That is true all along the border, through Silesia to Teschen and the boundaries of the Czechs and the Moravians. It is not true of Bohemia, still less is it true of the quarrelling civilisations of the Rhine Valley; but it is true of the civilisations of the Pole and of the German, where they are contiguous.

On the east the distinction is not quite so clear, because historical accident has there caused a great belt to be alternately Catholic and Orthodox. Austria took over an Orthodox belt and compelled its communion with Rome. The Russian Tsars took over a belt in union with Rome and compelled its inhabitants, as far as they could, to a new communion with the Eastern Church. Alternating conquest has thus disturbed the simplicity of the religious boundary on the east; but none the less there is a true Polish border belt on the east, and that is formed by the distinction between the Latin and the Greek rite. The Poles follow the Latin rite, and that which follows the Greek rite, Uniate or Orthodox, is not fully Polish.

Here I should add that advocates on either side could and would modify this statement very much; but, eliminating advocacy on either side, the truth remains that where you have the Latin rite you certainly have the Pole; where the Latin rite ceases, the Polish character is doubtful and can be contested.

Here, then, it would seem, is a simple political test. An independent Poland should mean that which can thus be distinguished by a fairly easy,

applicable, obvious, and concrete measure—the test of Protestant and Catholic on the western side of the Vistula basin, of Latin and Greek rite on the eastern side.

But we have to admit three grave political difficulties. The first is that the lines thus established are not clear cut. The second is that a considerable population of Jews, who in this part of the world regard themselves as a separate nation, stands fluctuating and in common to what is certainly Polish territory, what is doubtful Polish territory on the west, and what is certainly not Polish on the east. The third difficulty is the fact that the port of the country, Danzig, is neither in race nor in religion assimilated to Poland; it is Protestant and German.

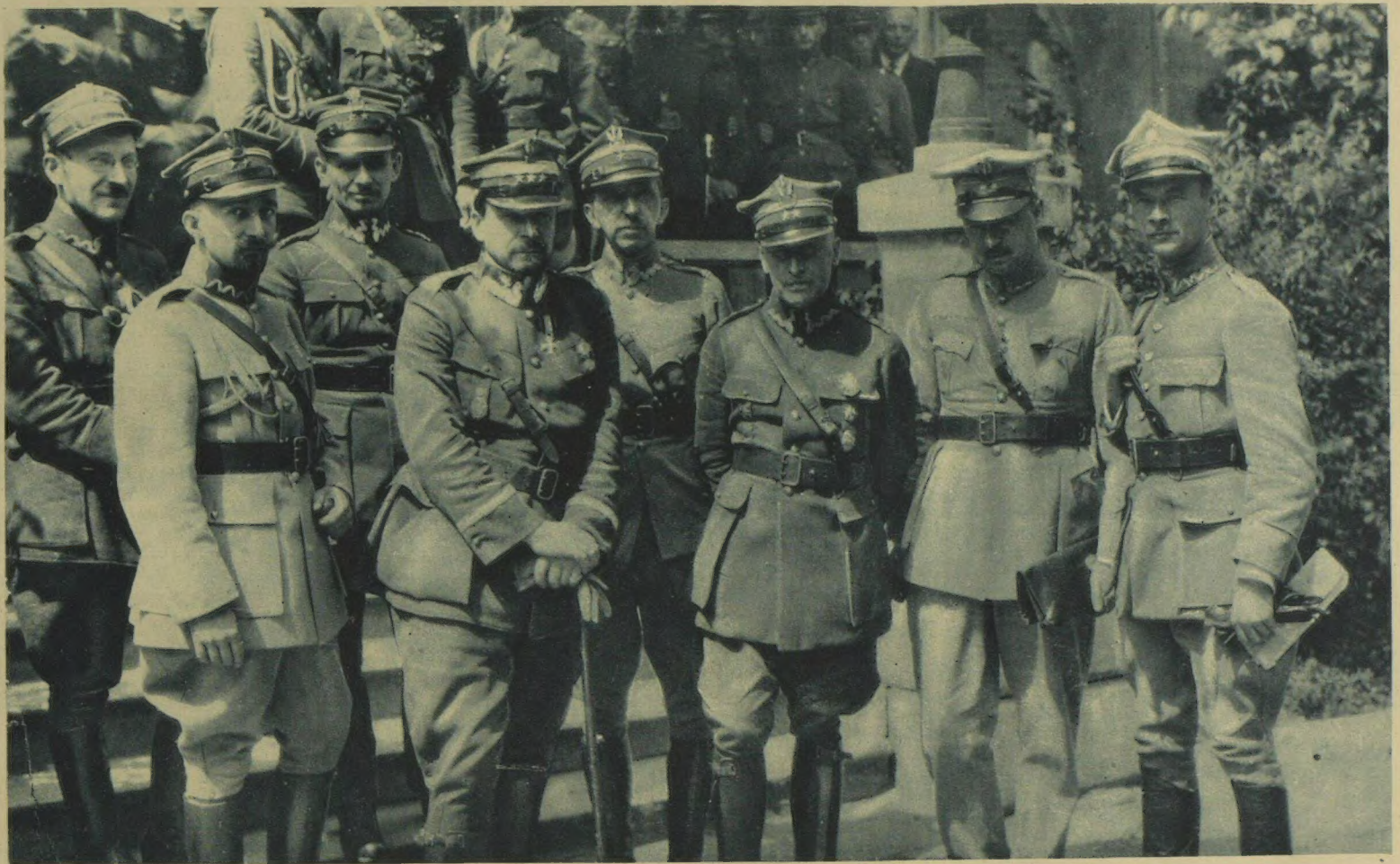
The line between the Protestant and Catholic on the west is not only extremely sinuous, it is also disjointed. It cuts off islands of the one religion and of the other; if you tried to follow exactly the distinction of religion, you would get an impossible frontier like so much fretwork, with little enclaves which would be quite out of reality in any settlement. To the east it is even worse. You can pass through large districts where the man to whom you speak may prove to be Orthodox or Uniate or of the Latin rite indifferently, and where it is even betting which he will turn out to be. It is clear that, in such circumstances, an arbitrary line averaging, but not exactly coinciding with, each individual case is all that can be expected.

The Jewish problem is insoluble. It can simply be taken as a certainty that it will remain. Something like half the Jewish nation lives within the boundaries of what used to be the great Polish State, and more than a quarter of it lies within what is definitely and admittedly Polish on the narrowest construction of that word. The Jews are confined to the towns, and mainly to the great towns. They have no part in the peasant life of the country, but nearly half of the population of Warsaw is Jewish. The third modification, the position of Danzig, is what I have stated. The sole port of Poland—and not a good port at that—is a town essentially German in tradition and culture.

In this statement of the geographical and political position of Poland, and the geographical and political difficulties attaching to its settlement, you have a statement of a problem upon the solution of which, probably, the future peace of all Europe depends, and upon which quite certainly turns the future position of this country in particular. Yet not one Englishman in a thousand yet conceives how so remote a discussion can affect him.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR: POLAND; AND THE ALLIED MISSION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WARSAW PHOTOGRAPHIC AGENCY.



AT THE HEAD OF POLAND'S VOLUNTEER ARMY RAISED FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE COUNTRY AGAINST RUSSIAN INVASION: GENERAL HALLER (SECOND FROM LEFT) WITH OFFICERS OF HIS STAFF.



THE ALLIED MISSION IN WARSAW: (L. TO R., IN FRONT) LORD D'ABERNON, BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO BERLIN; M. JUSSERAND; GENERAL WEYGAND, CHIEF OF MARSHAL FOCH'S STAFF; AND SIR MAURICE HANKEY.

The Russian menace to Poland caused a national rally for the defence of the country, and volunteers for the army were called for. A Warsaw message of August 7 stated that the squires, bourgeoisie and peasants were alike flocking to the colours in large numbers. Last month an Allied Mission was sent to Warsaw to report on the situation. A Reuter message from Paris on July 29 said: "It is stated, unofficially, that the first report received here from the Franco-British Military Mission describes the military situation of Poland as not so desperate as had been thought." It was reported on August 5 that the Polish Government

had requested the leaders of the Mission to return to London and Paris to explain the situation; but on the 9th it was stated that Lord D'Abernon and M. Jusserand had been instructed to postpone their departure from Warsaw. Behind the front row in our group are seen Sir Horace Rumbold (British Minister in Poland), Prince Sapieha (Polish Foreign Minister), General Sir P. Radcliffe (Director of Military Operations), M. de Panafieu (French Minister in Poland), Councillor S. Prerdriecki, Count G. Potocki (A.D.C. to Polish Chief of Staff), and M. Vignon (Councillor of the French Foreign Office).

A MOMENTOUS QUESTION FOR EUROPE: RUSSIA AND POLAND.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., ERCOLE, FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO., TOPICAL, AND RUSSELL.



HEAD OF THE RUSSIAN SOVIET GOVERNMENT'S MISSION TO GREAT BRITAIN: M. KAMENEFF.



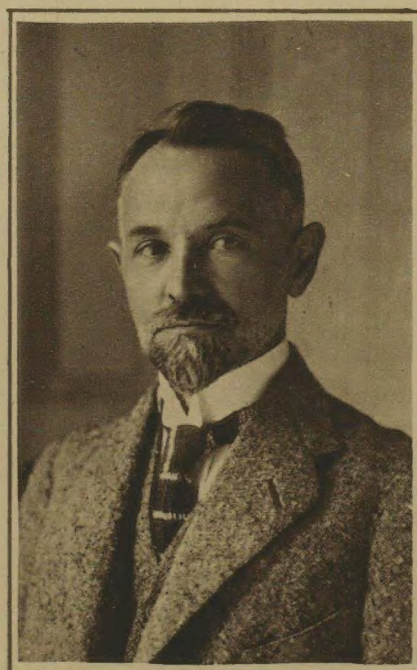
TYPES OF THE "RED" ARMY OF SOVIET RUSSIA: A GROUP OF PRISONERS TAKEN BY THE POLES.



MET TO DISCUSS THE GRAVE SITUATION CAUSED BY THE RUSSIAN MENACE TO POLAND: MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND M. MILLERAND, WITH OTHER MEMBERS OF THE ANGLO-FRENCH CONFERENCE, AMONG THE PARTY AT LYMPNE.



THE DOMESTIC SIDE OF SOVIET RUSSIA'S DELEGATION TO LONDON: M. KRASSIN'S WIFE AND THREE YOUNG DAUGHTERS, AT HIS LONDON FLAT.



ON HIS SECOND VISIT TO LONDON AS SOVIET RUSSIA'S COMMERCIAL ENVOY: M. KRASSIN.

M. Millerand, the French Premier, crossed to Folkestone on August 8 in the French patrol leader "Meuse" for his conference with Mr. Lloyd George on the Russo-Polish situation, accompanied by Marshal Foch, General Desticker, Deputy Chief of Staff (in the absence of General Weygand in Poland), and M. Berthelot, of the French Foreign Office. The party motored to the Villa Belcaire, Sir Philip Sassoon's house near Lympe, which is becoming a historic rendezvous for important Allied meetings. In the centre of our group are seen, from left to right,

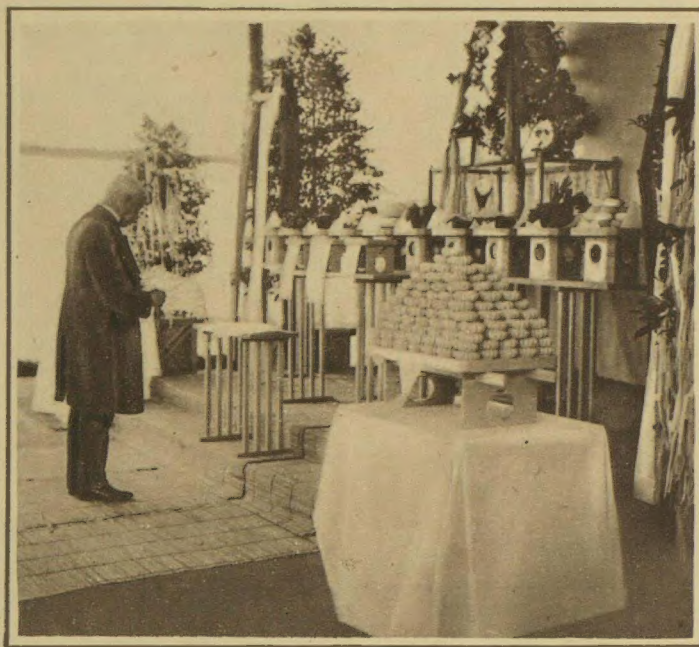
Marshal Foch, Lord Curzon, Earl Beatty, M. Millerand, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Lloyd George, Sir Philip Sassoon, and Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson (in civilian dress).—M. Krassin brought his three young daughters with him when he landed at Newcastle on August 2, and they were met at King's Cross by his wife. The photograph (taken at their flat in Curzon Street) shows (left to right) Mlle. Ludmille Krassin, Mme. Krassin, Mlle. Ekaterina Krassin, and Mlle. Lubow Krassin. M. Kameneff is President of the Moscow Soviet.

A BOLSHEVIST OUTRAGE IN SIBERIA: THE NICOLAIEVSK MASSACRES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



A JAPANESE MEMORIAL SERVICE AT VLADIVOSTOK FOR THE VICTIMS OF THE NICOLAIEVSK MASSACRES: THE SCENE IN SWINSKAYA FONTANNAYA SQUARE ON JUNE 21.



READING AN ADDRESS OF CONDOLENCE: PREMIER HARA AT A JAPANESE MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR THE NICOLAIEVSK VICTIMS.



THE DEVASTATION OF NICOLAIEVSK BY BOLSHEVISTS: RUINS OF THE TECHNICAL SCHOOL



APPEALING FOR ALMS FOR BEREAVED FAMILIES OF THE NICOLAIEVSK VICTIMS: JAPANESE BUDDHIST PRIESTS.



WHERE CONSUL ISHIDA DIED: JAPANESE MARINES DIGGING OUT BONES IN THE CONSULATE RUINS.



"THE TOWN HAD BEEN SET ON FIRE BY THE BOLSHEVISTS, AND LAY IN ASHES": NICOLAIEVSK.



WHERE MANY OF THEIR COMPATRIOTS, AND AN ENGLISHMAN, WERE MASSACRED BY BOLSHEVISTS: JAPANESE TROOPS MARCHING THROUGH NICOLAIEVSK.

Two terrible massacres of Japanese were committed in March and May of this year by Bolsheviks at Nicolaievsk, at the mouth of the Amur River, in Eastern Siberia. Among the victims was an Englishman who was in charge of the fishing station. The town was set on fire by the Bolsheviks, and lay in ashes when Japanese troops re-entered it on June 4. Writing from Tokyo on June 21, a "Times" correspondent said: "There is confirmation of the tragic and patriotic end of Consul Ishida, who shot his pregnant wife, his son and daughter, and

then, with Naval Commander Miyake, shot himself and was incinerated in the burning Consulate building." A later account stated: "The feature of the report (issued by the Japanese Foreign Office) is the treachery of the Bolsheviks towards their compatriot White Guards, who were disarmed under 'a promise of safety and then massacred, as well as the Japanese survivors of the first massacre. . . . Consul Ishida, immediately before his death, reverently placed the Emperor's photograph in the flames, lest it should be outraged by the Bolsheviks."



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



By J. T. GREIN.

"BROWN SUGAR," by the late Lady (Arthur) Lever, is, thanks to Mr. Léon M. Lion's enterprise, a great success at the Duke of York's—and thereby hangs a pretty little tale.

Although I knew nothing about "Brown Sugar" until it was sent me for perusal by the author, I am, in a sense, the spiritual father of the little comedy. It came about this way. Lady Lever's first essay was produced at a Vaudeville matinée, and it was not a success. I forget the title, but I remember that it was an ambitious play in which feminine emancipation was a main point, and that it was as full of thoughts as of faults. With great sorrow—for I love to encourage the newcomer—I wrote what the theatrical world calls a "slater." Now as a rule unfavourable criticism does not make for friendship, but in this case the exception ousted the rule. Lady Lever wrote me a charming letter, endorsing most of my strictures, and expressing

ESCAPED TO PARIS BY AIR TO AVOID THE ARM OF BRITISH LAW: MR. GEORGE ROBEY, AS JOHNNY JONES, AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Johnny flies to Paris by aeroplane, being under the mistaken impression that he has slain a village policeman.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Company.

the wish that I would advise her how to improve her technical equipment as a playwright. Without hesitation, I mentioned the name of Mr. Léon M. Lion, a versatile actor, a producer of originality, a playwright of achievement and even greater promise. He was not then a manager—his career in a few years in all directions has been almost phenomenal. His "Chinese Puzzle" made his name in his four-fold capacity—author, actor, manager, producer. Well, I brought Mr. Lion and Lady Lever together, and after a little while she told me, in high glee, that under his guidance she made great strides, and that she was "bubbling over" with plots for new plays. Would I read "Brown Sugar"? I did, and I found indeed a remarkable advance, although I was not quite sure of a success. I still advised the "Escoffier touch" of collaboration. What happened then to the play I do not know, for Lady Lever succumbed to her devotion to the country. She was paid posthumous homage by Mr. Lion, who had become her loyal guide, philosopher, and manager.

"Brown Sugar," as it stands now, has undoubtedly gone through the refinery since I read it first, and is a credit to the memory of Lady Lever and whoever applied the finishing polish of experience. It is the sort of play that appeals to all sorts and conditions of men who dearly love a lord, and make a cult of the Gaiety Girl—in fact, to the great healthy multitude to whom romance is the sunshine of life—the very thing that was needed in the late terrible month of July, when "Brown Sugar" came to light. As is his wont, Mr. Lion has manned the play to perfection, and four individual performances will linger in memory: the lord of Mr. Eric Lewis, a delightful old man of the world; his august spouse,

of Miss Henrietta Watson; the haughty, noble spinster of Miss Margaret Halstan; and the chorus lady in excelsis of Miss Edna Best, the young ingénue who has made so swift and miraculous a conquest of London—such a conquest, indeed, that it cast all the new American reputations temporarily into the shade. Nor is the explanation far to seek. The rise of this fresh, vivacious, blonde, emotional girl is, above all, due to her youth, which is quite imperceptibly allied to experience, and then to two facts which observant playgoers are not slow to recognise. Compared with all the other ingénues, English or American, who are popular, Miss Edna Best has this advantage: she displays none of that obviousness, that conscious assurance, which is the fault of the American ingénue, and—forgive me for saying it—she is much younger than our own heroines, who naturally wish to remain ingénues so long as there is no competition in the field. Miss Best's success is indeed gratifying, for it is the success of adolescence. Now let us hope that her growing little knowledge of the stage and all its works may not become a dangerous thing.

During my recent peregrinations in the provinces, which I related in our former issues, I have not harvested mere Dead Sea fruit. No; indeed; I have made a lucky haul—a play, a new comedian, a character-actress, a trio which I wish to commend to the managers of London. *Place aux dames!* First, the new character-actress. Her name is Marie Royter—she has done fine things under Miss Horniman in Manchester—but alas! London wots it not. I think she also has had a part in the Metropolis, but not one to show her powers. I saw her in a play I do not love—"Daddy Long Legs." It is too sugary for me. Yet Marie Royter, playing the girl, moved me, old stager, to the verge of tears. She has that peculiar form of countenance which is the privilege of the Danes. She might be a twin-sister of Mlle. Genée, the famous dancer; she creates a poetic atmosphere; she is slightly eerie; she is individual; I thought of "Nora" and of the "Lady from the Sea," and more kindred parts. And I forgot the Family-Heraldry of "Daddy Long Legs" in the personality of Marie Royter. She is the type of actress that will hold an audience by sincerity and personality.

As for the play, which made me "laugh more consumedly" than I have laughed for a long time in the theatre, it was "Biffy," a farce by Vera Beringer (pseudonym, Henry Seton) and William Ray, which the former and Jimmy Glover, of Drury Lane fame and popularity, are promenad-

Two middle-aged married boys in the provinces have their little flirtations in town—a French girl who appears and an English one who doesn't—and to cover up their rather frequent trips to London they invent a partner—"Biffy." A clever *chevalier d'industrie* spots the idea, and comes to the home of one of the partners impersonating the non-existent Biffy. As the little Française arrives at the same time, and as these two appearances cause a big tower of little fibs to totter, one can imagine how a born humourist like Vera Beringer makes things hum. It is, except a little halting in the third act—easily remedied by excision—so sparkling, droll, and breathless that the Palais Royal writers could not beat it. As a farce it is a real feather in the cap of the authors, for rarely has the old story of conjugal escapades been told with so much



KNOCKED BY CATERPILLIER INTO—LOUIS XV.: MR. GEORGE ROBEY AS JOHNNY JONES (TRANSLATED) AT THE ALHAMBRA.

As a result of his encounter with the phantom Caterpillier, who knocks him out, Johnny finds himself at Versailles as Louis XV. Later, he discovers that he only dreamt it.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Company.

new and inoffensive zest as in "Biffy." Now the real hero of the play is the aforesaid swell-mobman who impersonates Biffy, and the actor who plays the part is entirely new to me—Tom Sheldford. He may have done big things before, but not in London. I think if some manager of light and leading could see "Biffy" and spot Mr. Sheldford, he would soon shine in the front rank of extra-dry comedians. In aspect he looks somewhat—very distantly—like George Grossmith. His manner is that of the cool cucumber, germane to Charles Hawtrey's, but otherwise; perhaps, he has a touch of the popular Mr. Nevil Maskelyne when he explains his mysteries and his innocence. At any rate, these allusions to affinity will somewhat explain Mr. Sheldford's methods. He makes you laugh without effort; he whets your interest in what he is going to do next. When he has done playing the adventurer he will make an ideal Sherlock Holmes.

Before taking leave of "Biffy," which I look forward to seeing and enjoying once more when (and if) it comes to London, I would give a "mention honorable," as they say at the Conservatoire in Paris, to Mlle. Iris de Villiers, who plays the little Montmartreuse deliciously, with that delectable French accent which makes the most ordinary things sound comic. She, too, deserves her little place in the sun of London—and if he happens not to be there (as often is the case) she will bring him with her.



THE GREAT ROBEY-CATERPILLIER FIGHT AT THE ALHAMBRA: MR. GEORGE ROBEY, AS JOHNNY, AFTER HAVING A TOOTH KNOCKED OUT BY HIS INVISIBLE OPPONENT, IN "JOHNNY JONES."

In a comic boxing scene in "Johnny Jones (and his Sister Sue)," at the Alhambra, Mr. George Robey, as Johnny, meets an imaginary opponent, named on the programme "Caterpillier (played by) Mr. A. Phantom," at the Cercle des Etrangers, in Paris.

Photograph by Stage Photo Company.

ing along the coast. It is so funny that to give the idea away is almost to spoil it. Just a *soupeon*:

THE "PLAGE" OF PARIS: "SEASIDE" IN THE CITY OF LIGHT.

DRAWN BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



A PARIS COUNTERPART OF THE ROUND POND AND THE SERPENTINE: CHILDREN SAILING BOATS AND DIGGING SAND CASTLES IN THE LUXEMBOURG GARDENS.

We have illustrated before now the "seaside" delights of the London parks for children to whom fate denies the real thing. Here is a Paris counterpart. Most English people know Paris-Plage on the Normandy coast, but few know the *petit* Paris "plage" of the children of Paris who are unable, for one reason or another, to leave home in the sultry season. Right in the heart of the Paris of the Bourgeoisie, the wonderful garden of the Luxembourg becomes the "plage" of those children. There, from early morning until night, they disport themselves

unchecked in the open space around the great lake, sailing their boats or splashing in the water, making sand castles, riding on donkeys and goats, and enjoying the hundred-and-one delights dear to children. There the grown-up guardians seem, by common consent, to withdraw from the lake itself and keep in the background, leaving the "plage" quite free and unhampered to *les enfants*. Perhaps the spot is more noticeable this summer as the Parisian is spending much less time away than formerly.—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

FOUR-FOOTED AND FLIPPERED BABIES:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY



IN ITS MOTHER'S POUCH: A LITTLE RED-NECKED WALLABY.



GROWING AN INCIPIENT BEARD: A YOUNG WALRUS.



IN THE HAIRY STAGE: A YOUNG INDIAN ELEPHANT SUCKING MILK THROUGH A RUBBER TUBE.



POSSESSED OF A VORACIOUS APPETITE: A YOUNG ELEPHANT-SEAL.

WITH PROTECTIVE SPOTS THAT DISAPPEAR LATER: A YOUNG PUMA.



RIDING PIGGY-BACK ON ITS MOTHER: A YOUNG RING-TAILED LEMUR.

YOUNG ANIMALS AT THE "ZOO."

W. S. BERRIDGE, F.Z.S.



SMALLER THAN A MAN'S HAND: A PAIR OF YOUNG ALLIGATORS.



WITH TAIL TWINED ROUND ITS MOTHER'S: A YOUNG OPOSSUM.



ADAPTABLE AS PETS—TILL THEY GROW UP: DINGO PUPS.



LIKE A BIG KITTEN AND EQUALLY FOND OF FUN: A YOUNG CARACAL.



BEING FED FROM A BOTTLE: A LITTLE HARNESSED ANTELOPE.



IN A HUMAN-LIKE ATTITUDE: A CAPPED LANGUR MONKEY AND HER BABY.



A PET THAT TAKES SIX YEARS TO GROW UP: A YOUNG BROWN BEAR.

Babyhood in the animal world is a subject of fascinating interest. The classical book about it is "The Childhood of Animals," by Dr. P. Chalmers Mitchell, Secretary of the Zoological Society of London, who went as scientific observer on the "Times" African flight last February. The book is an absorbing commentary on the nature and habits of young creatures. The period of youth, we learn, varies greatly in different animals. Thus, a brown bear takes some six years to grow up, and an elephant from twenty to twenty-four years. The young elephant is much more hairy than the adult. Describing a small female Indian elephant at the "Zoo," Dr. Chalmers Mitchell says: "It found difficulty in finding its mouth (with its trunk), fumbling as a baby does when trying to use a spoon. Nor had it learned to use it in drinking; it sucked its

milk by a rubber tube placed in its mouth, holding its trunk awkwardly out of the way." Of a capped langur monkey, also at the "Zoo," he says: "When the mother leapt about her cage, the baby clung to her. It was only when the mother was at rest that she supported it in her arms. For several weeks the baby never left her, and she showed endless curiosity and pleasure in it, ceaselessly examining it, turning it over, stroking it, and keeping it clean with her hands." Many young wild animals make charming, play-fellows when small, but "even creatures so near the dog as wolves, dingoes, and foxes, and most of the small carnivores, have to be given up as pets when they are adult." The photograph of the young wallaby recalls that the Prince of Wales was recently presented with a little kangaroo in Australia.

FROM FAR AND NEAR: NOTABLE EVENTS ILLUSTRATED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. PARRY AND C.N.



HELD UP BY U.S. DESTROYERS: THE BRITISH CABLE-LAYER "COLONIA," FORBIDDEN TO LAND A CABLE AT MIAMI, FLORIDA.



THE SECRETARY FOR WAR AT COLOGNE: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, WITH GENERAL SIR AYLMER HALDANE, INSPECTING BRITISH TROOPS.

1. Archbishop of Canterbury (President).
2. Bishop of Peterborough (Secretary).
3. Bp. Montgomery (Secretary).
4. Archb. of York.
5. Archb. of Nova Scotia.
6. Bp. of Barrow.
7. Bp. Hamilton Baynes.
8. Bp. of Kampala.
9. Archb. of Brisbane.
10. Archb. of Melbourne.
11. Metropolitan of India.
12. Archb. of Algona.
13. Archb. of Sydney.
14. Bp. of Brechin (Primus).
15. Bp. Remington (U.S.A.).
16. Bp. of Maryland (U.S.A.).
17. Bp. of Guildford.
18. Bp. of S. Dakota (U.S.A.).
19. Bp. of Maine (U.S.A.).
20. Bp. of Wyoming (U.S.A.).
21. Bp. of Virginia (U.S.A.).
22. Bp. of New York (U.S.A.).
23. Bp. of Hull.
24. Bp. of Sheffield.
25. Bp. of Knaresborough.
26. Bp. of Argyll and the Isles.
27. Bp. of West Virginia (U.S.A.).
28. Bp. of Lucknow.
29. Bp. of Bradford.
30. Bp. of Bangor.
31. Bp. of Moray and Ross.
32. Bp. in Jerusalem.
33. Bp. of Singapore.
34. Bp. of Aberdeen.
35. Bp. of S. Andrews.
36. Bp. of Stafford.
37. Bp. of Moosaree.
38. Bp. Nash.
39. Bp. of Stepney.
40. Bp. of Tennessee (Presiding Bp. U.S.A.).
41. Archb. of Rupertsland.
42. Bp. of Glasgow.
43. (Shorthand-writer).
44. Bp. of Arizona (U.S.A.).
45. Bp. of Exeter.
46. Bp. of Kansas (U.S.A.).
47. Bp. of Atlanta (U.S.A.).
48. Bp. of Rhode Island (U.S.A.).
49. Bp. of Ohio (U.S.A.).
50. Bp. in Korea.
51. Bp. of Tinnevely.
52. Bp. of Osaka.
53. Bp. of Sacramento (U.S.A.).
54. Bp. of Bombay.
55. Bp. of Massachusetts (U.S.A.).
56. Bp. of Southern Florida (U.S.A.).
57. Bp. Johnson (Missouri Co-adjutor, U.S.A.).



THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE: A KEY TO THE NAMES IN THE GROUP ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

The second group of sessions of the Lambeth Conference was held from July 26 to August 7, in the Library at Lambeth Palace, with a concluding service in St. Paul's on August 8. The Conference discussed many subjects, including Christian Reunion, the League of Nations, the ministry of women, marriage, and social problems.

58. Bp. of Hankow.
59. Bp. of Willesden.
60. Bp. of Newark (U.S.A.).
61. Bp. of Nassau.
62. Bp. of Sierra Leone.
63. Bp. of Accra.
64. Bp. of Kootenay.
65. Bp. of Huron.
66. Bp. of Montreal.
67. Bp. of Athabasca.
68. Bp. of Grafton.
69. Bp. of Fredericton.
70. Bp. of Chichester.
71. Bp. of Gloucester.

72. Bp. of Harrisburg (U.S.A.).
73. Bp. of Durham.
74. Bp. of London.
75. Bp. of Madras.
76. Bp. of Buckingham.
77. Bp. of Thetford.
78. Bp. of Burnley.
79. Bp. of Olympia (U.S.A.).
80. Bp. of Tokyo (U.S.A.).
81. Bp. in South Tokyo.
82. Bp. of Southwell.
83. Bp. of Riverina.
84. Bp. of Rangoon.
85. Bp. of New Guinea.

86. Bp. of Adelaide.
87. Bp. of Toronto.
88. Bp. Oluwole (Lagos Assistant).
89. Bp. of Jamaica.
90. Bp. of Uganda.
91. Bp. of Southern Ohio (U.S.A.).
92. Bp. of Ely.
93. Bp. of Pennsylvania (U.S.A.).
94. Bp. of Birmingham.
95. Bp. of Willochra.
96. Bp. of Newcastle (N.S.W.).
97. Bp. of Lagos.
98. Bp. of Copleston.
99. Bp. of Ballarat.

100. Bp. of Milwaukee (U.S.A.).
101. Bp. of Oklahoma (U.S.A.).
102. Bp. of West Missouri (U.S.A.).
103. Bp. of Mombasa.
104. Bp. of New Mexico (U.S.A.).
105. Bp. of North Texas (U.S.A.).
106. Bp. of Northern Rhodesia.
- 106a. Bp. of Zanzibar.
107. Bp. of Truro.
108. Bp. of Barking.
109. Bp. of S. John's, Kaffraria.
110. Bp. of Natal.
111. Bp. of North Carolina (U.S.A.).
112. Bp. Ingham.
113. Bp. of Liverpool.
114. Bp. Howells (W. Equat. Africa, Assistant).
115. Bp. of Lichfield.
116. Bp. of Chelmsford.
117. Bp. of Vermont (U.S.A.).
118. Bp. of Pretoria.
119. Bp. of Colombo.
120. Bp. of Wakefield.
121. Bp. of Victoria, Hong-Kong.
122. Bp. of Fuh-kien.
123. Bp. of Saskatchewan.
124. Bp. of Kingston.
125. Bp. of Swansea.
126. Bp. of Falkland Isles.
127. Bp. of Kilmore.
128. Bp. of Mackenzie River.
129. Bp. of Southern Brazil (U.S.A.).
130. Bp. of S. Edmundsbury and Ipswich.
131. Bp. of Nyassaland.
132. Bp. of Grantham.
133. Bp. of Bethlehem (U.S.A.).
134. Bp. of Quebec.
135. Bp. of Ottawa.
136. Bp. of Grahamstown.
137. Bp. of Dornakal.
138. Bp. of Chester.
139. Bp. Balfour.
140. Bp. of George.
141. Bp. Garland (U.S.A.).
142. Bp. Price.
143. Bp. of Nagpur.
144. Bp. in Argentina.
145. Bp. of Richmond.
146. Bp. of Gippsland.
147. Bp. of Edinburgh.
148. Bp. of Bendigo.
149. Bp. of Lewes.
150. Bp. of Edmonton.
151. (Name not stated.)
152. Bp. of Kyushu.
153. Bp. of Leicester.
154. Bp. of Kalgoorlie.
155. Bp. Crossley.
156. Bp. of Tasmania.
157. Bp. of Derry.



THE RIOT IN BRUSSELS WHEN EX-SOLDIERS INVADDED THE CHAMBER: GENDARMERIE CHARGING DEMONSTRATORS ON THE ANTWERP BOULEVARD.

Five United States destroyers were stated on August 5 to be patrolling the Florida coast off Miami, with orders to prevent the British cable ship "Colonia" from landing the Western Union Telegraph Company's cable from Barbados, to connect with the British cable from Barbados to S. America. The U.S. Government, it is said, wished to prevent the landing of the cable before the meeting of the International Communications Congress at Washington on September 15. Sir Auckland Geddes (British Ambassador at Washington) instructed the British



BURGOMASTER MAX AGAIN TO THE FORE: IN A STREET DURING THE EX-SOLDIERS' DEMONSTRATIONS, WHEN HE ADVISED THEM TO DISPERSE.

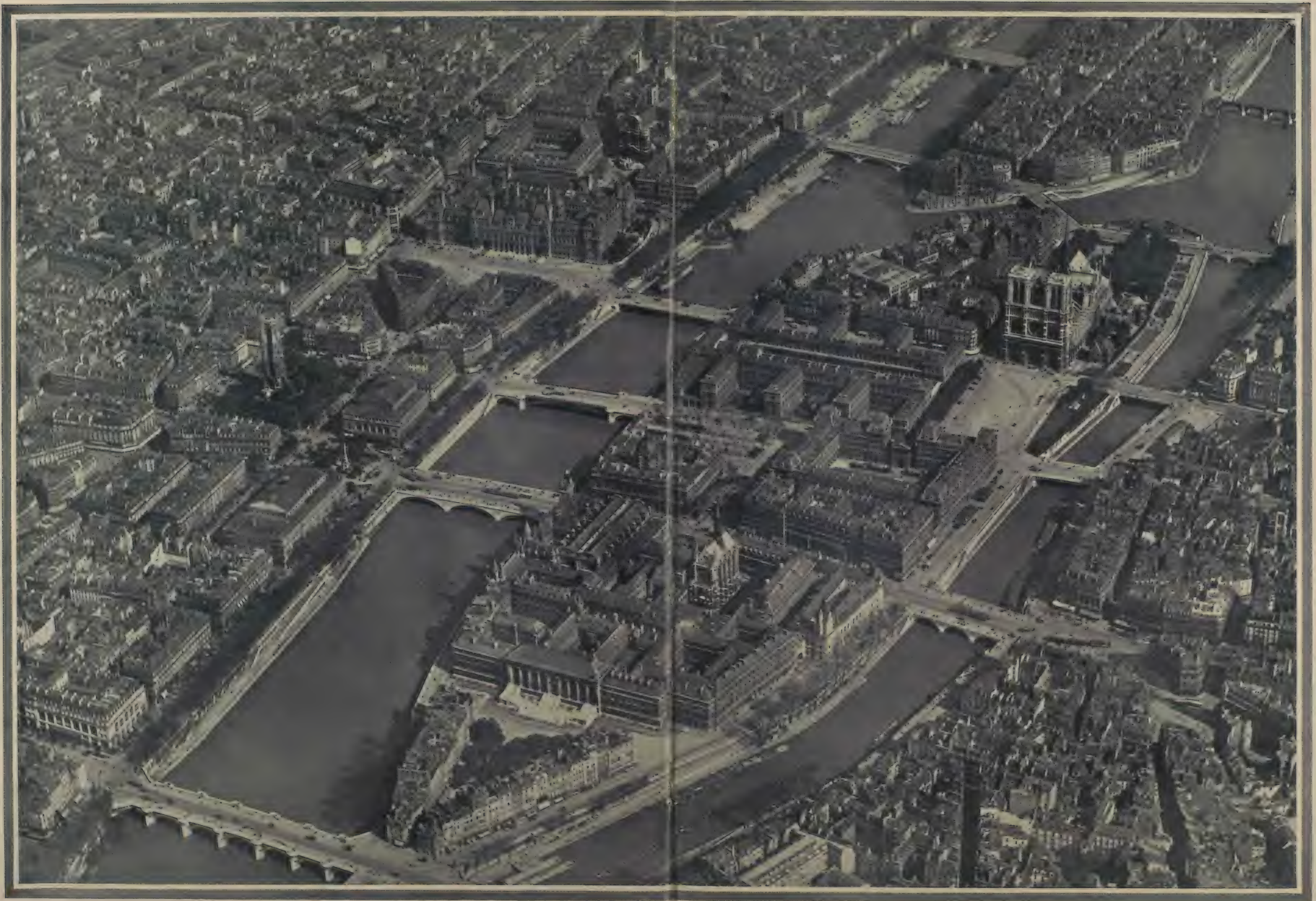
Vice-Consul at Miami to take command of the "Colonia" on her arrival, and keep her outside the three-mile limit.—Mr. Churchill recently visited Cologne and inspected the British troops there under General Haldane.—The Belgian Chamber in Brussels was invaded on July 29 by a body of ex-soldiers who objected to the terms of a proposal for establishing an Institution for War Combatants. They withdrew after a riotous scene. Mounted gendarmes patrolled the approaches, and many arrests were made.

A RECORD EPISCOPAL GATHERING : 157 PRELATES IN ONE GROUP.

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET. (SEE KEY TO NAMES ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



WITH THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY (STANDING ON THE LEFT) PRESIDING : ONE OF THE SECOND SERIES OF SESSIONS OF THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE, WHICH ENDED ON AUGUST 8.



WHERE NOTRE-DAME ROSE ON THE SITE OF A TEMPLE OF JUPITER: THE OLDEST PARIS—L'ILE DE LA CITÉ, THE ANCIENT LUTETIA, FROM THE AIR.

PHOTOGRAPH (FROM AN AEROPLANE) SPECIALLY TAKEN BY THE COMPAGNIE AÉRIENNE FRANÇAISE. (SEE KEY TO BUILDINGS GIVEN IN "OUR NORTH BOOK")

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

"Q" IS one of our greater novelists, with a pithy, picturesque style which is apt to fit his thought like a glove, and his election to

the King Edward VII. Professorship of English Literature in the University of Cambridge was a notable victory for Humanism. Perhaps the time will come when we shall refuse to pay persons for teaching English who cannot write it—when, instead of importing some "poisonous scholar" from Scotland (where the study of the masterpieces of Scottish literature is so grossly neglected, and the art of writing the Doric mother-tongue all but forgotten) to turn his pupils into pedants, we shall insist that Chairs of English Literature be occupied by poets, novelists, essayists, and even the men of letters who practise journalism as a fine art. "Q's" witty warfare against the Cambridge pedants has certainly brought that day of redemption nearer, for he has smitten the "Beowulfians" hip and thigh, and even the examiners (those horned fiends!) in the Modern Languages Tripos, Section A (English) no longer dare to despise a candidate who knows more about the spirit and atmosphere of our literary craftsmen, from Chaucer to Thomas Hardy, than of the linguistic puzzles to be found in the more ancient authors. But erudition counts for more with all of them than understanding, and it is astonishing how few of the successful candidates *know* English Literature in any real sense of the term, or could give a clear account in simple, straightforward diction of some small everyday matter. As one who performs the functions of a literary bottle-washer for a daily journal, I have often regretfully noted their shortcomings and advised them to take a course of the Bible, Bunyan, and one or two other writers of a large simplicity, before they next venture into Fleet Street—Fleet Street where you must have something to say and say it without wasting space, which is a newspaper's and a views-paper's most precious asset.

The Lectures he delivered at Cambridge in 1916-17 are collected by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in "ON THE ART OF READING" (Cambridge University Press; 15s. net) which is a book that should be carefully studied by everybody interested in the teaching of English. The author does not set too high a value on his work at Cambridge, knowing only too well that the pivotal victory must be won in a much more spacious field—that the real battle for English lies in our Elementary Schools and in the training of our Elementary Teachers. He feels, as we all feel in these days of awakening, that a liberal education ought not to be an appendage purchasable by a few; that "Humanism is, rather, a *quality* which can, and should, condition all our teaching; which can, and should, be impressed as a character upon it all, from a poor child's first lesson in reading up to a tutor's last word to his pupil on the eve of a

Tripes." To which high end we must not only teach English in the right way in all our nurseries of youth, but also at any cost—if only to kill the germs of "prolet-cult" in the minds of intellectual hobbledoys—put an end to that appalling waste of the joys of nascent intelligence, of national brain-power, which is the outcome of sending children out into a workaday wilderness at the age of fourteen or under. "Q" quotes entries from a Scottish dominie's log-book which will bring home to all his readers (even to those, if any such there be, who make money out of a half-timer's toil) the full meaning of such wicked, woeful waste. Here is one entry—

Robert Campbell (a favourite pupil) left the school to-day. He has reached the age-limit. . . . Truly it is like death: I stand by a new-made grave, and I have no hope of a resurrection. Robert is dead.

How many teachers, in love with their work and having the welfare of their pupils by heart and at heart, have thus sorrowed over the premature loss

most favoured pupils could write prose, much less poetry, in the language they pretended to foster. In a word, they set up an ideal of "philology" (in the Teutonic sense) against that of Humanism.

So we come to the root of the matter at last—"Q's" victory over those pedants was really an episode in the world-wide defeat of German Kultur by the deeper-rooted civilisation of the soul called Humanism. In the Pro-German reaction after the war—which is, perhaps, strongest in academic circles—their disciples are hoping to regain some of the ground lost, and it is the duty of all Englishmen to join forces with this most unprofessorial King Edward VII. Professor of English Literature. Especially inspiring are the three lectures in which he deplores the strange exclusion of

the Bible, the greatest of all our literary masterpieces (with the possible exception of Shakespeare's Plays and Poems), from the list of "prescribed books" for any and every examination.

In his Sixth Lecture "Q" gave a list of a few of the innumerable themes of English Literature, including among his examples—and rightly so—since it seeks the clear expression of truth as well as of beauty, the English version of Euclid's proof that one circle cannot touch another circle on the outside at more points than one. Which makes me sure that he would agree with me in including "SPACE, TIME AND GRAVITATION" (Cambridge University Press; 15s. net), by A. S. Eddington, F.R.S., Plumian Professor of

Experimental Philosophy, in any catalogue of English masterpieces of literature. It has been said that there are only three men in England, besides Professor Eddington, who have really grasped Einstein's Theory of Relativity. But Professor Eddington so skilfully elucidates the famous Theory (which is now passing into the category of demonstrated "working hypotheses"), taking it out of its dry husk of mathematical symbols (which are yet a kind of other-worldly poetry to the imaginative mathematician) that it actually is possible for anybody with a general knowledge of modern scientific analysis to understand it. There is wit as well as wisdom, presented in a form as pellucid as Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie's philosophic poems, in his Prologue—a discussion between a Physicist, a Mathematician, and a Relativist—and also in his final chapter "On the Nature of Things." Here is his last word of far-reaching humour—

We have found a strange foot-print on the shores of the unknown. We have devised profound theories, one after another, to account for its origin. At last, we have succeeded in reconstructing the creature that made the foot-print. And lo! it is our own.

Would Einstein be wise enough to smile at the deep humour of this ending? I am sure Newton would have been.



A HORSE RACE IN THE HEART OF A CITY: THE FAMOUS "PALIO" IN THE PIAZZA AT SIENA, REVIVED THIS YEAR FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE WAR—THE EVENT IN FORMER DAYS.

Describing the race, Miss Dorothy Neville Lees writes: "The gun booms. Off they go! . . . or rather, off they do *not* go, for each 'fantino' (jockey) is for the moment far more occupied in trying to beat back his rivals than in urging his own steed on. But now they are all racing, and all raining blows right and left—on the heads of their fellows and on the horses' flanks. The crowd roars: the whole piazza is tense with excitement."

From an early print. Photograph by Fotografia Lombardi, Siena. (See further illustrations opposite.)

of a young soul blossoming with shy hopes of fruition. It is the great tragedy of the Elementary School, where the schoolmaster so often rises far above his narrow training and life without books, travel, and cultured friends, manfully matching personality with opportunity.

"Q" does justice to the indefatigable industry of the pioneers of research—Furnivall and Skeat, Aldis Wright, Clark, Grosart, Arber, Earle, Hales, Morris and the rest—who cleared broad pathways through the tangled, neglected demesnes of the earlier literature of this country. But these valiant pioneers had some obvious foibles which by degrees (as the microscopic knowledge of Old English and Middle English became an academic vested interest) fatally infected the teaching of English in this country, more especially at Cambridge. They lost all sense of proportion; all the geese they put up were swans to them, and they insisted that "Beowulf" was a second Iliad. Not one of them (excepting Hales) seems to have had the slightest sense of criticism, as Sainte Beuve and Matthew Arnold understood and practised it, metrical and inflectional facts monopolising their attention. Their notion of a just examination-paper in English Literature was a set of questions on the notes to some ancient text; and neither they nor their

"BACK IN THE CINQUECENTO": SIENA'S PIAZZA AS A RACE-COURSE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FOTOGRAFIA LOMBARDI, SIENA, WITH NOTES BY MISS DOROTHY NEVILLE LEES, AUTHOR OF "SCENES AND SHRINES IN TUSCANY," ETC.



WHERE THE "PALIO" IS RUN: THE GREAT PIAZZA OF SIENA, AND THE PALACE OF THE COMUNE (ON THE RIGHT).



"ALL AROUND THE PIAZZA WINDS THE LINE OF SPLENDID COLOUR": THE ENTRY OF THE PROCESSION—CONTRADA AFTER CONTRADA.



THE STANDARD-BEARER OF THE TARTARUGA (TORTOISE) CONTRADA.



MAKING A PROCLAMATION IN THE CATHEDRAL SQUARE: MEMBERS OF A CONTRADA

"THE Piazza is a scene of indescribable animation. At last the procession is coming. Surely we are back in the *cinquecento*! These slim pages with their long thick hair, their jaunty feathered caps and gay, fantastic dresses; these splendidly caparisoned horses; these *alfieri*, or flag-throwers, waving and tossing their great silken banners—these are the very figures from the walls of Pinturicchio's frescoes up there in the Cathedral Library! On they come, contrada after contrada; and each contrada, as it reaches the Palace of the Comune after the circuit of the Piazza, takes its place upon the tiers of seats erected there, the whole group appearing like a bright parterre of flowers, rows upon rows of gay, mediaeval figures."



THE STANDARD-BEARER OF THE AQUILA (EAGLE) CONTRADA.



COMPRISING (R.T.O.L.) A DRUMMER; TWO ALFIERI (STANDARD-BEARERS); THE CAPTAIN, WITH FOUR VALETS; A PAGE BEARING THE CONTRADA'S EMBLEM; THE HORSE FOR THE RACE, LED BY THE PALAFRENIERE (GROOM); AND THE FANTINO (JOCKEY) MOUNTED ON ANOTHER HORSE: THE COMPARSA OF A CONTRADA.

Miss Dorothy Neville Lees, who sends us the interesting photographs on this and the opposite page, writes: "The old city of Siena has this year, for the first time since the outbreak of the war, revived its world-famous 'Palio.' The 'Palio,' a horse-race run in the heart of the city, takes its title from the *palio*, or embroidered banner, which forms the prize. The two dates set aside for its annual celebration are July 2 and August 16. The second and more splendid of the two yearly races is that on the fête of Our Lady (patroness of Siena) in honour of the Assumption. The spirit of faction and heated rivalry transforms the city.

It is the old party spirit of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, the Bianchi and Neri, save that it is divided among the 17 *contrade*, or divisions of the city, ten of which, chosen by lot, compete in each race. Each has its own name, colours, and arms—the *oca* (Goose), Snail, Wave, Eagle, Panther, Ram, Tortoise, Owl, Unicorn, Dragon, She-Wolf, Tower, Hedgehog, Caterpillar, Forest, Giraffe and Cock. The church of each is the centre of activities, and here the horse is brought to be blessed, standing before the altar, while the priest offers Latin prayers to St. Anthony, the patron saint of horses. The horses are drawn by lot."

The Sudan and Eritrea from a Lorry.

By ROSITA FORBES.

(Continued.)

THAT second night I pitched my bed twenty yards from the track in a slight rut, curled myself into my flea-bag, and slept, to be awakened suddenly at 3 a.m. with a waning moon flooding the desert with silver and an enormous camel caravan bearing straight down upon me, the silent-padding beasts having swerved from the track to avoid the dark bulk of the lorry. One hectic spring landed me and the flea-bag in a complicated heap on the ground—it takes time to extricate oneself from the clinging folds—and the first camel almost had his foot on my ground-sheet before I startled him into recognition of my existence. The drivers were far behind, nodding sleepily on top of their burdened beasts, so a wonderful scene ensued, in which that chain of camels all roped together tied themselves into the most intricate and ever-moving knots, while I crouched perilously in pale pyjamas amid the wreckage of my possessions and shrieked expostulations in most primitive Arabic. The big caravans always travel at night. They start with the moon, and keep up their infinitely regular pace of two-and-a-half miles an hour for five or six hours on end, or sometimes all through the night; and they camp between nine and four, while the sun turns the surrounding sand into a blistering inferno. One sees them at intervals down the track sheltering under a straw mat spread across a thorn-branch, or, if no tree is available, across the pack-saddles piled in heaps; while the indifferent camels secure what poor grazing they may find, or lie chewing the cud for long hours, oblivious of the heat.

The third day we rose with the dawn, which was blissfully misty—every hour gained from the

(a candle in a glass shade, supposed not to go out in the wind), with a piece of cardboard behind it as a shade.

Thus the first 130 miles were accomplished, and we came at ten to the scattered villages of Gedaref. There we were obliged to remain two days for much-needed repairs to the engine, which had succeeded in jolting out various quite important portions of its anatomy. Apart from its historical associations with the Dervish war, the Suq is the most interesting part of Gedaref, for there, mixing with the bearded Abyssinians, whose women have neatly plaited hair, and the shaven Shukria from the north, come the Beni Amer, with long hair plaited half-way down, "Fuzzies" of the Hedandowe tribe, wild men from the Red Sea Province, their amazing hair sticking out like a bush and pierced with combs of porcupine quills. They fear neither God nor man, for they have never been beaten yet, as they are a nomad race, and, fanatical adherents of the Mahdi, they always look for the second coming of the prophet "Jesus" pre-ordained in the Koran. Osman Digna, Emir of the Khalifa, the famous slave-dealer of Suakin, led them alternatively to victory and defeat in the wild eastern country, but whenever the latter was pending they retired to their impenetrable hills, beyond the reach of even that most energetic Governor of Suakin—Kitchener of Khartoum.

The sixth day we left Gedaref early, and fifty miles of waterless sand—

avoided by the caravans, which prefer the longer road to Tomat and the Atbara because of the wells in the river-bed—brought us to Mogatta, where, if one sleeps at night in the rest-house above the river, one is likely to hear that most awe-inspiring sound in the middle of a dark night—the triumphant roar, not of the safely caged lion, but of the great, free beast of the desert, who holds one's life at his pleasure should he chance to be in an inquisitive mood. Beyond Mogatta begins the wooded country, and for miles one drives through pale, silvery thorns, from which at every moment guinea-fowl run swiftly, till one comes to the soft, pale grass which is like spun golden silk over all the land. The crossing of the Atbara is one of the incidents of the trek. We lost the trail altogether and went plunging down into immense *khors* full of sand, from which net and plank, pick-axe and shovel were needed to rescue us, but, at

last, after oil and water and food and luggage had become a sort of "fritto misto" in the bottom of the lorry, we came upon the ford and ploughed through blue water for a hundred yards to the tropical vegetation of the further bank, where tall dome-palms rear imposing crests above a tangle of luxuriant



"WE STOPPED AMONG SUDDEN ROCKY HILLS TO FILL EVERY WATER RECEPTACLE": THE WELLS AT FAU.



WHERE BEARDED ABYSSINIANS, SHAVEN SHUKRIA, BENI AMER, AND WILD "FUZZIES" MINGLE: THE SUQ AT GEDAREF.

intolerant sun is a mercy hardly hoped for—and stopped among sudden rocky hills at Fau to fill every water-receptacle in the wells grouped in the hollow below the thatched *tukls* of the rest-house. From far and near herds of goats had come to water, and I bought for five piastres bottles and bowls and saucepans full of milk, which sustained us through a most weary day, for an endless track of sand through rough yellow herbage bore us onwards towards more ragged hills which seemed to tear the intense clearness of the sky. Sometimes a great bustard would run swiftly across our path—once a hyena loped clumsily, with head held low, away from the approaching wheels. Every half-hour we poured muddy water into the radiator, but that same mud prevented our dry mouths from gulping it too eagerly. Brilliant-hued birds, vividest flame-colour, with long spiked tails, or strange metallic blue, fluttered from us, and once some graceful Ariel, white skits raised in terror, wheeled off into the desert. We stopped at four for a long-delayed meal in a broken-down tukl, surveyed by half-naked figures who fingered nervously the *hejab*, a charm worn in a tiny leather case on a bracelet above the elbow. They carried spears and the *shotal*, a curly-bladed knife with a double handle. Then, knowing that Gedaref and beds with clean sheets lay some thirty miles in front of us, we packed into the lorry again and started off through rapidly failing light, for there is no twilight in the merciless hot lands. Night came while we were still jolting painfully from rut to rut, and, as we had no lamps, Abdullah had to sit upon the most unpleasantly hot boards above a labouring engine and hold a waving *shamadan*

undergrowth. Thereafter Kassala Mount glowed in the dim distance, so we only waited to fill our precious *fanatis* before pressing on to the alluring line of purple rocks, which, as the sunset approached, absorbed every exquisite light of rose and mauve and saffron to delight our aching eyes. Unfortunately, in spite of a good, hard trail, the lorry spent the night helplessly stuck in the sandy bed of the Gash! It was distinctly lucky that we didn't fall into one of the many wells dug in the river—the perils of driving by night, lightless and roadless, are serious. We gazed regretfully at the back wheels, which had almost disappeared, but a crowd of natives having appeared, as usual from nowhere, the magic word "filos" (money) induced them to shoulder our luggage, and we set forth through sand and scrub, luckily meeting no lions on the way, though two lions and two lionesses had been suddenly met not far from that spot by a flurried caravan returning from the wilderness the previous day.

Kassala is the prettiest native town I know, for there is water in plenty, and under the shadows of its strange rocks, which spring suddenly from flat plain, grow masses of dome-palms, from the core of whose hard fruit is procured the vegetable ivory which forms one of the chief exports of Eritrea. The tukls nestle among gardens of papaya and orange, oleander and mimosa, and feathery pepper-trees grow in the Suq, where all



"UNDER THE SHADOWS OF ITS STRANGE ROCKS GROW MASSES OF DOME-PALMS": KASSALA—THE MARKET.

the tribes of three countries meet to barter doura and camels, hides and cotton stuff, and the vivid coloured beads which are the fashion in Abyssinia, where, by the way, the fashion changes in colour, shape, and size just as much as it does in Paris and London.

(To be continued.)



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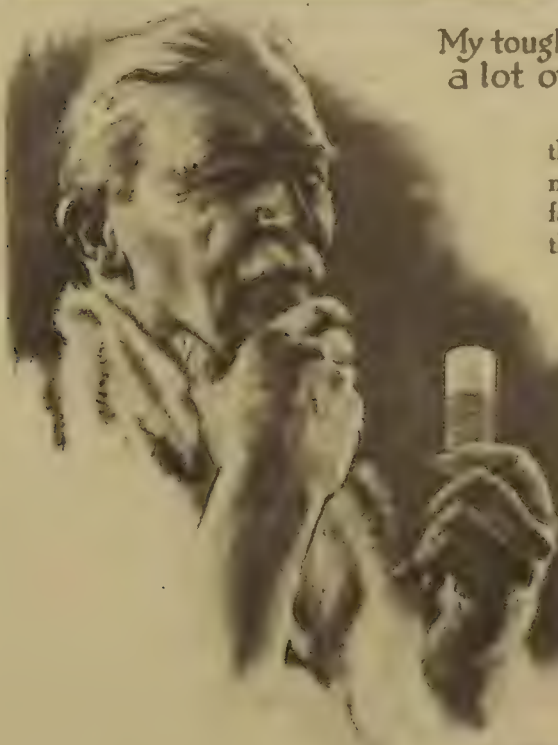
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THE CHIEF MOURNER: HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF SIAM AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS.



IN WHITE MOURNING: MAIDS OF HONOUR OF THE LATE QUEEN SAOVABHA PONGSI, AND LADY OFFICIALS OF HER HOUSEHOLD, IN THE PROCESSION.



BORNE ON THE PALANQUIN BY BEARERS IN UNIFORMS OF SCARLET AND GOLD: THE URN CONTAINING THE QUEEN MOTHER'S REMAINS.



WHERE THE FINAL RITES TOOK PLACE, AND THE KING OF SIAM LIT THE PYRE: THE PHRA MERU, BUILT FOR THE CEREMONY.

The funeral of Queen Saovabha Pongsi, the Queen Mother of Siam, took place at Bangkok at sunset on May 24. She died on October 20 last, and her remains had since lain in state. In the procession on May 24 the urn was first borne on a palanquin, and then transferred to the State funeral coach, drawn by a hundred men. On reaching the scene of the ceremony, it was again removed from the funeral coach to the palanquin, with sixty bearers, and a final procession was

formed, which passed thrice round the Phra Meru, the building specially erected for the last rites. The urn was placed in the centre, and the outer gold urn was removed preparatory to the cremation. The King entered the Phra Meru and lit the pyre, followed by the Supreme Patriarch and members of the Royal Family, who added their candles and incense sticks. On the following morning the King returned to the Phra Meru for the rites of collecting the ashes.



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LADIES' NEWS.

COWES Week, revived after seven years, was thoroughly enjoyed. One had forgotten what a real charm there is about this short season at the yacht port on the Solent. The Roads, with the lovely sailing-boats moored inside the guard-ship, torpedo-boats, royal yachts *Victoria and Albert* and *Alexandra*, and one enormous and far from elegant ex-German liner, the *Cap Pollavia*, make a delightful picture. The social rendezvous ashore is, as of old, the Squadron Garden, which is in great beauty, the grass even as a velvet pile carpet, the flowers lovely, and the fine old trees in full fresh foliage. At tea time

groups of guests of the Squadron sit round tables near the tea tent and eat and drink and talk, and watch the coming and going of others.

The week began well for the yachts, with a good brisk breeze; badly for the people, with a wet morning and evening, rain keeping off during the day and re-starting about four o'clock. In the Gardens, everyone made for the cover of the tea tent, and it was a distinguished company assembled in that limited space—the American Ambassador, talking to the

Duke and Duchess of Somerset, and Mrs. Davis chatting to Viscountess Jellicoe; the Duchess of Sutherland and the Duke, who had come over from the mainland in a small steam-yacht; the Earl and Countess of Reading; Lord Montagu of Beaulieu and his fiancée, Miss Crake, who is very pretty, and with delightful brightness of manner—Miss Crake wore a navy blue serge coat and skirt, grey shoes and stockings, and a grey hat. Princess Mary, with the Duke of York, the Marquise d'Hautpoul and Major Philip Hunloke, walked through the packed street and esplanade of the little town. The Princess had been out on the *Britannia*, and looked very bonnie in her dark blue coat and skirt, the coat with Squadron buttons, and a white covered yachting cap with the Squadron badge on the band. The crowd recognised the royal brother and sister, and followed them, hardly able to believe in their good fortune in seeing them just among themselves. After they entered the Squadron, the gates were so thickly besieged that members and their guests could get neither in nor out for a few minutes. It was the best-natured and most quiet of crowds, and way was soon made. The royal pair stayed only a short time, and then, calling in at the Royal London Yacht Club to see its yacht-like interior, walked back through the town and re-embarked at the Pontoon.

The King and Queen, the Duke of York, Princess Mary and the Duke of Connaught had one long cruise, starting at 10.30, and returning after four in the afternoon. On that day the breeze was light most of the time, and the King's cutter only got third prize; she is at her best in stiff weather. The Queen wore a white coat and skirt and a yachting cap, and Princess Mary a dark blue suit, as when she walked through the holiday crowds. All day long crowds, varying in density, stood near the Squadron landing-stage in the hope of seeing some member of the Royal Family come ashore, in which hope they were frequently justified, and then they were immensely pleased. The evening his Majesty dined at the Squadron the crowds were thickest round him, and he was given some hearty cheers. The mess uniform of this exclusive yacht club is very pretty, and the King, as Admiral, of course wore it, also the Duke of Connaught, who is an old member. Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson and the Lord Chancellor dined there for the first time, having been elected members the preceding day. Lady Wilson, in a pretty black evening gown, dined with friends at the Gloster. Later, many people sat out in the Garden listening to the band. The royal party left about 10.30, and the night was perfectly beautiful, with moonlight on the water, and the

yachts' lights reflected in it, the whole of the *Victoria and Albert's* hull being outlined with electric lights.

Princess Beatrice motored on one morning from Carisbrooke Castle and went out to lunch on the *Sheila*, returning for tea in the Garden. Her Royal Highness wore a narrowly striped black and white cloth coat and skirt, and a white felt hat trimmed with dark blue ribbon. Lord Leopold Mountbatten motored on most days, and on Wednesday night Princess Beatrice and the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke were present at a ball in Trinity Schools in aid of island charities.

This was well organised by Lady Baring, and was much enjoyed by numbers of young people present.

Cowes Regatta is a function quite by itself; there is nothing else like it. Oban Regatta resembles it most, but is, of course, essentially Scotch, and assembles a less well-known company. The Cowes people are very earnestly hoping that Osborne may once again be a royal residence. It will soon cease to be used as a naval college; the Queen is known to be very fond of it, and ours is a sailor-King, head of a great maritime nation and without a marine palace. I imagine everyone would be glad to have Osborne restored to its old prestige.

A. E. L.



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Photograph by Séberger.

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THE CULT OF THE POSTAGE STAMP.

BY FRED J. MELVILLE.

UNDER the terms of the Peace Treaty, the town of Danzig on the Baltic, together with the surrounding district, has become a Free City, to be under the protection of the League of Nations, who appoint the High Commissioner. The High Commissioner at present is Sir Reginald Tower. As a free city on the lines of the old Hanseatic cities, Danzig has now been furnished with her own postage stamps. For the present a provisional or temporary issue has been created by overprinting the current German stamps with the legend "Danzig," but it is quite likely that these will shortly be replaced by stamps of a special design appropriate to the new conditions. Memel, another port on the Baltic, about seventy miles north-east of Danzig, has been ceded by Germany to the Allied Powers, and its ultimate fate has yet to be decided upon; meanwhile an issue of stamps is also in preparation for this district.

From one of the newly independent Baltic States, formerly part of the Russian Empire, we get two novelties this week. They hail from Reval, the

capital of Esthonia, the local designation of which is Eesti Wabarik, or Esthonian Republic. This young country has already produced a number of stamp issues since the withdrawal of the Germans after the Armistice, and its latest stamps are a pair of charity stamps, which, in addition to paying postage, are used for collecting contributions to the

charity. In like manner the higher value pays 70 penni postage and 15 penni to the charity, the actual cost of the stamp being 85 penni at an Esthonian post office. On the lower value the picture represents a wounded soldier being assisted by an old man and a girl. The higher value depicts another crippled hero being crowned by two women.

The stamps are very crudely lithographed, each in two colours; in the 35-plus-10 penni the picture is green in a red frame; while the 70-plus-15 penni is in blue and brown. The words "Vigastatud soduritele" mean "crippled warriors."

Hungary is once again a kingdom, with Admiral Nicholas von Horthy as Regent. The country has gone through many vicissitudes during the past two years, and her political changes have been marked by a succession of notable stamp issues. The Bolshevik régime eliminated all traces of royalty on the stamps, at first by obliterating the old monarchical stamps with the imprint of the Soviet, then by new stamps in the old designs, but with the inscriptions altered to meet the new

conditions. Later, these Soviet over-prints were again over-printed by the opposition when they succeeded in sweeping away the Bolsheviks. Perhaps the most

[Continued overleaf.]



1, 2, and 3. For the newly created Free City of Danzig: German stamps overprinted as a temporary issue. 4 and 5. Inscribed "Crippled Warriors," with designs indicating their part use to benefit wounded soldiers: New Esthonian stamps. 6. Including the word "Royal" (Királyi): a Hungarian stamp. 7. Omitting "Royal": a Hungarian Republican stamp. 8. Recalling the Roumanian occupation of Hungary: a Hungarian stamp with Roumanian overprint for Transylvania. 9 and 10. With Roumanian over-prints: Hungarian stamps issued by the Roumanians at Temesvar.—[Stamps supplied by Mr. Fred J. Melville, 110, Strand, W.C.2.]

support of wounded soldiers. For instance, the 35 penni stamp sells for 45 penni, the extra 10 penni being the supplementary charge which goes to the



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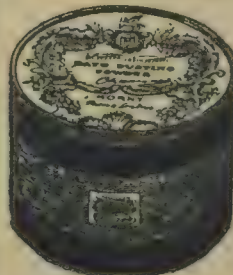
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With Illustrations by JOSEPH SIMPSON and LEOPOLD LE GRYS.

Dear Bob,

Was delighted to hear the good news on my arrival from America this morning. Sorry I did not get the chance of sending you the conventional "heartiest congratulations" telegram, but I expect you had enough of those to keep the local telegraph office working overtime.

I have instructed Elkingtons to send little Bob an appropriate souvenir of the occasion. The enclosed piece of paper you had better pay into Norah's account; she will find it useful when "shortening" time comes.



"Little Bob."

Now, "*Daddy*," you must realise that it's a parent's privilege to provide all the advantages he can for his children, to enable them when they become older to assume the responsibilities of life without being overweighted by its burdens. Take out a deferred assurance for the young hopeful without a day's delay. For a very small premium you can now secure for him the full advantages of Life Assurance on his attaining his majority, irrespective of what the state of his health may then be.

It is not enough to do good; one must do it the right way. In this case the right way is to take out the policy with the Motor Union Company. Under their scheme no medical examination is usually required, and policies are in most cases issued free from all restrictions as to foreign travel and residence abroad. The whole premiums paid are returned should death occur before the age of 21. If the policy is taken out now while little Bob is in his first year, the premium for £1,000 payable at death after the age of 21 will only be £6 15s. 10d. a year.

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St. James's 11



Still Beautiful by Candle-Light

BUT the pitiless light of day tells a different story. Lips have lost their soft, red pout—the mouth seems hard and old, while the ivory pillar of her throat shows the subtle marks of time.

It is in the withering of the tissues of mouth and throat that age is first revealed. The degeneration of tissue that comes with Pyorrhea is not unlike the degeneration of age.

The gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted. The final stage of Pyorrhea is a repulsive toothlessness that brings sagging muscles and sunken cheeks.

Don't let Pyorrhea become established in your mouth. Remember, this insidious disease of the gums is a menace to your health as well as to your beauty. To its infecting germs have been traced many of the ills of middle age.

Visit your dentist often for tooth and gum inspection. Watch your gums for tenderness and bleeding (the first symptom of Pyorrhea) and use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

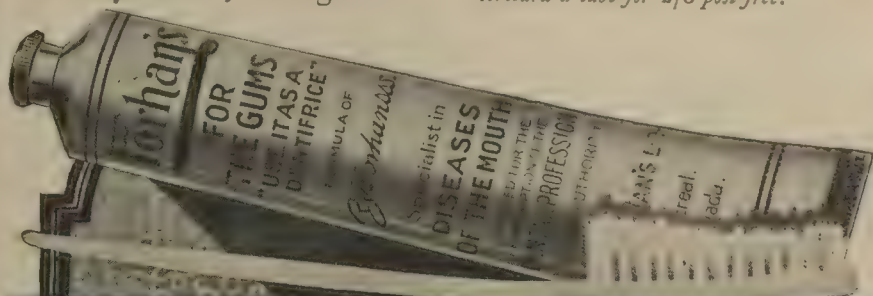
How to use Forhan's

Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth up and down. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage the gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first—until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with

the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

Forhan's comes in one size only, 2/6 a double-size tube, at all Chemists.

If your chemist cannot supply you write to THOS. CHRISTY & CO., 4 Old Swan Lane, London, E.C., who will forward a tube for 2/6 post-free.



Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
Checks Pyorrhea

(Continued.)

significant little changes in the stamps are those which concern the inscriptions on the current types. Before and during the war, the Hungarian stamps always bore the inscription, "Magyar Kir. Posta," Hungarian Royal Post. "Kir" is an abbreviation of "Királyi," meaning royal, and this was left out in the stamps issued by the Republican Governments; it is now about to be reinstated.

During the past few months there have been many other powers concerned in the control of portions of Hungary, and most of these have left their traces in the stamp album. The Roumanians, Serbs, French, Czechs, and Italians have all issued stamps for portions of the old kingdom. Most of these have been ordinary Hungarian stamps, with special over-prints applied by the Powers in occupation, and some of these, issued by the Roumanians in Transylvania and at Temesvar, are among our illustrations this week.

Len Holland, the professional of the Northamptonshire County Golf Club, is showing magnificent form just now. Playing over the Church Brampton Course last week, out of a total of 13 rounds, Holland accomplished no fewer than 11 rounds in scores under 70. Holland was playing the Dunlop "31," a fact which says something for the consistency of the ball as well as the player.

Harrogate grows in popular favour year by year. This season the number of distinguished people is larger than ever, the town being full of well-known folk, attracted by the unique varieties of curative waters and the excellent treatment establishments. H.R.H. Princess Victoria is again taking treatment there. Admiral Jellicoe, who is also staying at this favourite Spa, was presented formally to the Mayor and Corporation at a Council Meeting, by Admiral Bridgeman, with whom he is staying.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE UNKNOWN," AT THE ALDWYCH.

THE problem which Mr. Somerset Maugham has attempted to tackle in his latest play, "The Unknown," is whether a young soldier whose faith in God has been destroyed by what he has seen and endured at the front should submit to receiving Holy Communion in order to please his people who have stayed at home—his father, his mother his sweetheart, and his parson. This problem—a very unpromising one for discussion at afternoon tea on the stage or off—Mr. Maugham manages to state cogently enough to interest his audience in the first two acts of his play, despite the fact that he makes all his orthodox persons intone their utterances in a kind of rhapsodical chant, despite the fact that he can give no really fresh turn, or only a Wellsian turn, to the age-old argument about the existence of evil. But when he produces a third and final act in which his bigoted heroine, having refused to marry the unbeliever, tricks him into taking the Sacrament, and indulges in the rhetoric of ecstatic renunciation, he leaves his hearers cold and hostile. Mr. Basil Rathbone and Miss Ellen O'Malley did their best with the parts of the young couple. Mr. C. V. France made a deep impression in the rôle of the hero's father, an old colonel, doomed to sudden death by a painful disease, and horribly afraid to die. But the success of the evening was won by Miss Haidée Wright, who, in the character of a mother who has lost both her sons in the war, electrified the house by her deliverance of an Omarian indictment of the Creator.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

MAN'S ANCESTOR AND THE SEASHORE.

THE simple theory current in the early days of Darwinism, that man was descended from a monkey, has long since been given up. It never found any warrant in Darwin's own writings, and was early replaced by the more sober and less startling statement that there are certain similarities between the bodily structure of man and that of the anthropoid apes which seem to argue a common origin. That the Precursor or forerunner of man was a climbing animal, who generally dwelt in the tops of trees, where he built himself a house, or platform, as some of the great apes still do, and from which he only descended in search of food, would now be generally admitted. But where did he live when he left the forest? Wherever it was, we may be certain that he was driven to it by the search for food, and especially for a food more abundant and more interesting than the fruits and nuts with which his blood relations, the apes, were, and are still, content. Without the natural strength or swiftness of the great carnivora, and therefore unable, like them, to pursue and strike down the smaller mammals, for the devouring of which, moreover, his teeth and claws were but ill adapted, he must have found this rather a difficult problem. One story is that he lived on grubs, lizards, and scorpions. Grubs are, indeed, still looked on as delicacies by some Australian aborigines, but lizards are not so easily caught as some naturalists seem to imagine, and scorpions have defences of their own which would make the Precursor very wary of meddling with them.

Major Cherry, however, who was, before he distinguished himself in the Australian A.M.C., Professor of Agriculture in the University of Melbourne, cuts

(Continued overleaf.)

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TROUBLED WITH ILLS,

YOU CANNOT

DO BETTER

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**BEECHAM'S
 PILLS**



(Continued.)
the knot by suggesting that the Precursor, when he left the forest, went, as so many of his remote descendants still do at this time of the year, to the seashore. In an article in the current number of *Science Progress*, he shows, with great acuteness of reasoning, that our common ancestor can only, as we used to say, have "differentiated into Man," in a locality where he was free from the pursuit of the great carnivora and would easily procure an abundance of highly nitrogenous food. He does not insist much on the reason for this last desideratum, but he doubtless means us to understand that, *pace* the fruitarians, a purely vegetable diet, without milk, cereals, cheese or eggs, would not have developed his brain sufficiently to enable him to put animals far stronger than himself under his feet. But, according to Major Cherry, he found exactly what he wanted in the shell-fish to be had in plenty on the sea-beach. Shell-fish, as the Major sententiously remarks, neither fight nor run away, and therefore formed an easy prey to our hungry ancestor; while the smashing of their shells with stones or pieces of wood may have given him his first rudimentary idea of the construction of tools. They are, moreover, soft, nutritious, and want little mastication; for, as he says, a baby can both swallow and digest an oyster, but not a banana.

In proof of all this he adduces the great anatomical differences which, along with certain obvious resemblances, exist between ourselves and our cousins the apes. As he did not have to fight for his food, the Precursor did not find the need for developing the huge and sharp canine teeth, nor the tremendous muscular strength of jaw, trunk, and arms of those poor relations who returned to, or more probably remained in, the primeval forest. On the other hand, the swimming and diving habits which life on the beach naturally engendered gave him a looseness and play of the shoulders and elbow joints which no anthropoid possesses, and this must have been of the greatest use to him when he turned his newly acquired leisure



A CURIOSITY OF CANTERBURY CRICKET WEEK: COVERING THE WIND-SCREENS OF MOTOR-CARS AFTER PLAYERS HAD COMPLAINED OF THE DAZZLING REFLECTIONS FROM THEM.

The reflections from the wind-screens of motor-cars caused some of the players in the Kent v. Middlesex match to complain. As a result, the wind-screens in question were covered with overcoats, or macintoshes, or anything else that was handy. [Photograph by S. and G.]

to the manufacture of tools and eventually of weapons. Then, too, he found the advantage of



AN AEROPLANE v. MOTOR-CAR RACE: THE CONTEST AT NARBETH. Mrs. E. B. Buck drove the car; Lieut. H. Potter piloted the aeroplane. The race took place in Belmont Driving Park, Narbeth, near Philadelphia.—[Photograph by C.N.]

shedding the hair on body and limbs with which he probably, like the apes of the present day, was covered. A hairy animal dries very slowly when plunged in the water, and thus, says Major Cherry, becomes more easily chilled than a smooth-skinned one with a more abundant supply of sweat-glands, like *Homo sapiens*.

Perhaps, however, Major Cherry's most striking argument is that which he draws from the moon. The ebb and flow of the tides, he says, must have made such a difference to the habits of the shore-dwelling Precursor, by compelling him to seek his food in different places according to the moon's phases, that he must very early have noted these; and he even attributes to this attention the distinctive difference between the physical peculiarities of the female of our species and that of the apes.

Such a theory as this is not only likely in itself, but is of great use to science as filling up with a stimulating and convenient working hypothesis a large gap in the ancestry of man. Had Major Cherry chosen to look farther, indeed, he might have found many arguments in its favour other than those he draws from anatomy. The retirement of man into caves during the Glacial Period was an expedient that would only occur naturally to a beach-dweller, and the same may perhaps be said of the houses built on piles which we find among the so-called lake-dwellers in Switzerland and elsewhere. So, too, the universal ascription of the beginnings of civilisation to the coasts rather than to the interiors of continents, and the fact observed by archaeologists that culture can, so far as we know, always be traced to the delta of great rivers like the Yang-tze, the Euphrates, Tigris, or Nile, may both be explained on the same theory. One thing that stands out from Major Cherry's very interesting study is that well-fed leisure rather than necessity is the mother of invention—F. L.



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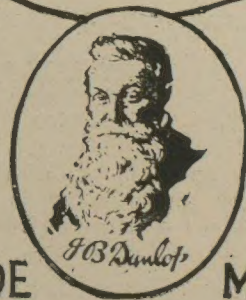
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Road Signs and Reckless Driving.

The accident in which Lady Leigh lost her life recently has given rise to considerable discussion as to the danger of cross-roads, and the undoubtedly large amount of reckless driving which characterises present-day motoring. Not, let me say at once, that there is, at the moment of writing, the smallest evidence that there was any recklessness on the part of the driver of either car concerned in the accident which has inspired this comment. It is quite another aspect with which I propose to deal. First, as to this and other mishaps of similar nature. It happened at a road-crossing, where such accidents generally do occur. As a rule it is exceedingly difficult to fix the exact proportion of responsibility for cross-road collisions. The witnesses on either side are, probably quite honestly, convinced that the fault lay with the driver of the other car, and that their own vehicle was driven with the utmost circumspection. In such circumstances, there being no preponderating weight of evidence either way, there is nothing to be done but to adjudge the affair an accident, with nobody to blame. That most certainly ought not to be the case, since it is perfectly

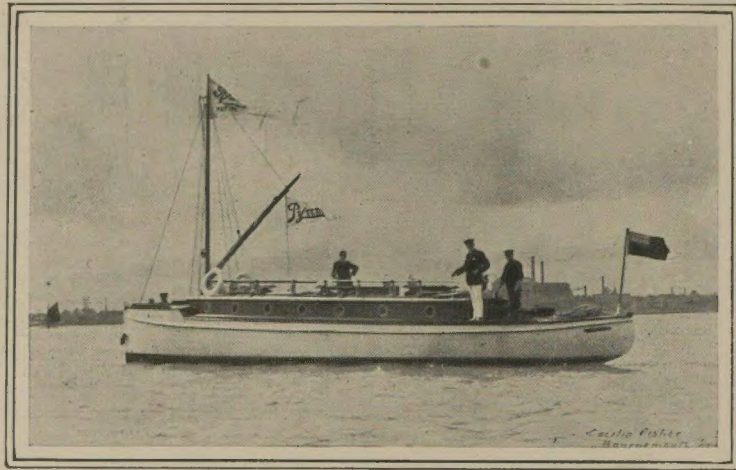
a graphic system of indication, which need not be at all expensive to carry out. If this were adopted, the basic idea is that at all important crossings—and at others in the time to come—there would be signs indicating that one road was classed as a "main," and the other as a "secondary" highway. The driver using the latter would be notified by the sign that he was approaching a "main" road, and that traffic proceeding along the cross-highway had the right of way, the primary responsibility of avoiding accident being thus placed upon him. On the other hand, the driver on the "main" road would know that he was approaching a crossing on which traffic must give way to him, and he would know that all he had to do was to exercise ordinary caution. I put it this way purposely, because I am convinced that many accidents happen because the drivers of crossing cars are so often uncertain of what they should do, and both end by doing the wrong thing. I would go even further, and make the rule identical with that of the rule of the road at sea, which lays down that where it is the duty of one vessel to give way, it is that of the other to hold its course, were it not that we have to legislate for the frankly bad or inexperienced driver. As it is, I am content with expressing the decided opinion that the *Auto* system of road signs, or something very like it, ought to be adopted forthwith if the roads are to be made as safe as possible to modern traffic.

Another Side of the Question.

Whatever course may be taken with a view to the indication of road-crossings and other danger points, we shall always come up against the problem set by the reckless or inexperienced driver.

The continuous increase in the use of the car, particularly since the end of the war, has brought on to the roads a class of driver that we did not know, or at any rate not as a serious factor, before 1914. During the first decade of motoring history, the people who

took to the car were nearly always of the class which had had road experience. They had been cyclists or drivers of horses, and as such had knowledge of all that falls to the lot of those who use the highways for travel. Thus, when they became motorists, they were able to draw upon their experience in the contingencies which arose in the use of the car. They had accumulated a store of road sense, and were,



TO FIGHT MOTOR-BOAT FIRES: THE "PYRENE," FIRE PATROL BOAT, AT THE BRITISH MOTOR-BOAT CLUB RACES AT POOLE.

Photograph by Cecilia Fisher.



AT POOLE, DORSET, WHERE THE BRITISH MOTOR-BOAT CLUB RACES WERE RECENTLY HELD: A WOLSELEY "FIFTEEN."

easy to devise a system which will place the responsibility for accident, *prima facie* at least, on a definite party. Before the war the *Auto* devised such a scheme, and has taken it up again quite recently. This demands a complete classification of roads, and

generally, possessed of road manners, which made them careful, usually considerate to others, but, above all, caused them intuitively to take the proper action in emergency. Unfortunately, a considerable proportion of those who have taken to the car recently have not this experience behind them. They have never been "road-users" in the best sense of the term, and, to put it mildly, they suffer from want of experience. Very often, too, they drive fast and when their speed gets them into an emergency, their nerve fails them and they do the wrong thing. I had an example of this the other day, which I may as well detail as a case in point. I was going uphill on a very narrow road leading to one of the small Kent coast resorts. On the right there was a high bank, which obscured the view of the road both up and down. Approaching a bend in the road, there suddenly appeared a Ford, being driven fast down the hill. The moment the driver saw me he obviously became paralysed at the unexpected sight of another car on the road. His eyes and mouth opened in

[Continued overleaf]



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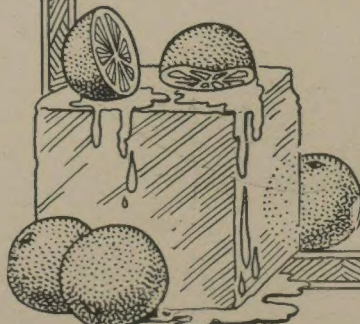
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"THE NEW CAR SIMPLY ENCHANTS ONE!"

THE above statement is taken from a letter which we reproduce in full below. This letter is written by a private owner with a wide experience of pre-war Rolls-Royce Cars, extending over several years. The original letter may be seen at our showrooms.

Ref. No. 410.

June 30th, 1920.

"I write to say how very much pleased I am with the new car : it is a great improvement on the old car, and I thought the old one perfection. The new car simply enchants one ; the extreme silence, engine flexibility, quick acceleration, and perfect springing cannot be too highly praised ; also the self starter, like the car, is perfect.

"The car has now run, since the beginning of the year, 6,640 miles, and her average consumption, in the country, 15 miles to the gallon, in the town 12 to 13.

"I have had several experienced motorists out with me for a run in the new car on various occasions, and their unanimous opinion was that the new car is a great improvement on the pre-war cars."



The following firms, who purchase direct from us, have sole selling rights of our cars in their respective districts.

Leicestershire, Derbyshire, Notts., Lincs., Staffs., Worcestershire, Warwickshire, Northants. and Rutlandshire : The Midland Counties Motor Garage Co., Ltd., Granby Street, Leicester. Manchester and District, including East Lancs. (as far north as a line drawn on the map due east from Cockerham) and East Cheshire : Joseph Cockshoot and Co., Ltd., New Bridge Street, Manchester.

ROLLS-ROYCE, Ltd.
15, Conduit Street,
LONDON, W. 1.
 TELEGRAMS: ROLHEAD, REG. LONDON.
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Continued.

astonishment—but he did nothing. He made no attempt to stop, nor did he pull over to give me what little room there was. I had seen it coming, and pulled on to the grass edging of the road, with the near side wheels in a water-cut, and my front wing through a barbed wire fence. Had I been as undecided as he, we must have met practically end on, with results which can be imagined.

Now, it is impossible to legislate against drivers like this, who have no road sense, and are struck all of a heap by the slightest emergency. It is suggested that there should be an examination as to fitness and skill before driving licenses are issued. I do not think that would be much of a remedy. It would be a two-edged one in any case, because a driver who by default became involved in an accident would be able to say: "You cannot impugn my skill, because I hold an official certificate of competency." Another suggestion is that drivers who come before the courts too often should be sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. Again, I do not think this is the real remedy, because, as every old motorist will tell you, there is as much luck as anything else

in one's relations with the authorities. Of course, where there has been an accident, and recklessness can be proved, I am all in favour of imprisonment as opposed to monetary penalties. On the whole, I incline to think that the matter is one which time and education in the use and usages of the road will right. It is no use seeking for supposed "remedies" which achieve nothing.

American Prices Down.

A great deal has been made of the drop in price announced by the makers of a cheap brand of American car. I have been asked by many whether I think it will make any difference to the cost of British vehicles. The answer is that I do not. There is no British car in the same class, nor is there any which is produced under the same conditions. Things will go on as ever. Those who want the cheapest thing in automobiles will buy the Ford, while others, who prefer quality to quantity for their money, so to say, will purchase the British vehicle. There is only one condition which will bring down the prices of British cars—and of a good many other

British articles—and that is a return to the times when the native workman was willing to give a day's service for a day's pay. We need not look to America for a solution of that problem. W. W.

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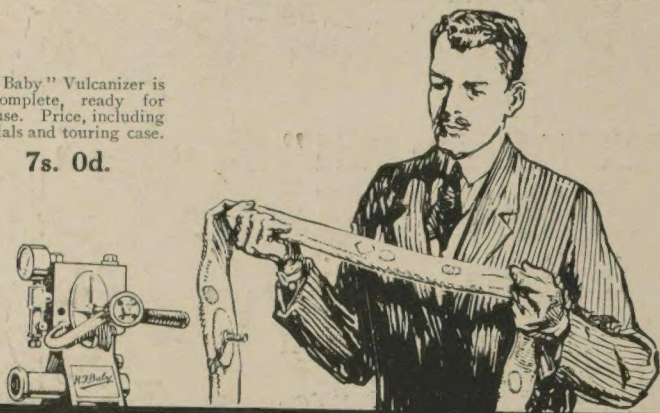
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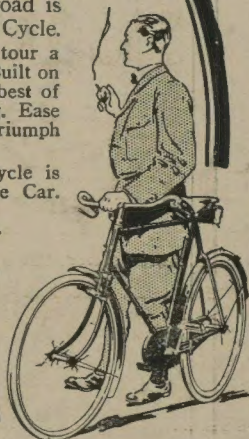
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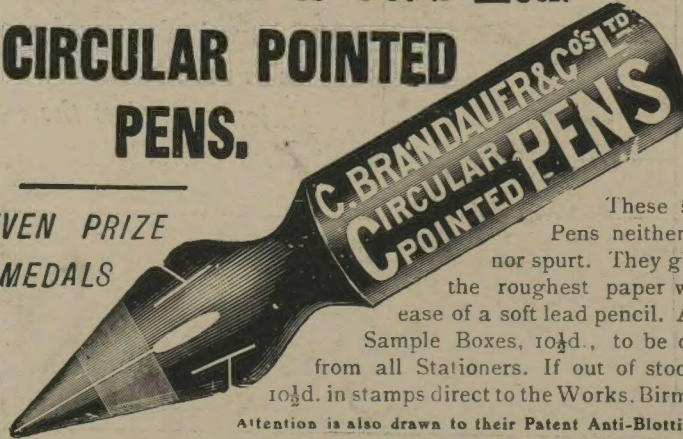


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